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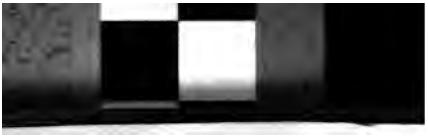

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense!—We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the blessed, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.—
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,

BY GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 121, STRAND;

BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.

NEW YORK

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS

DIV. HYMNS FOR SERMONS,
DIV. SONGS FOR CHILDREN,
MOR. SONGS FOR CHILDREN,
MISCEL. THOUGHTS,
INSCRIPTIONS,
EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS,
&c. &c. &c.

Hail, heav'n born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.---With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repear,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget PHILOMELA.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.

DIVINE HYMNS

Composed on the Subjects of the Sermons.

FOR SERM. I. II. AND III.

The inward witness to Christianity.

LONG METRE.

TIONS and doubts be heard no more;
hrist and joy be all our theme,
)irit seals his gospel sure
'ry soul that trusts his name.
esus! thy witness speaks within;
nercy which thy words reveal
es the heart from sense and sin,
itamps its own celestial seal.
Tis God's inimitable hand
moulds and forms the heart anew;
hemers can no more withstand,
ow and own thy doctrine true.
The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood
peace and pardon at the cross;
inful soul averse to God
/es and loves his Maker's laws.
earning and Wit may cease their strife
n miracles with glory shine;
'oice that calls the dead to life
be almighty and divine.

THE SAME. COMMON METRE.

WITNESS ye saints that Christ is true;
Tell how his name imparts
The life of grace and glory too;
Ye have it in your hearts.

2. The heav'nly building is begun
When ye receive the Lord;
His hands shall lay the crowning stone,
And well perform his word.

3. Your souls are form'd by wisdom's rules,
Your joys and graces shine;
You need no learning of the schools
To prove your faith divine.

4. Let Heathens scoff and Jews oppose,
Let Satan's bolts be hurl'd
There 's something wrought within you shows
That Jesus saves the world.

FOR SERM IV.

Flesh and spirit, or the principles of sin and holiness.

WHAT vain desires and passions vain
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft' have they pierc'd my soul with pain
And drawn my heart astray.

2. How have I wander'd from my God,
And following sin and shame
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defil'd my nobler frame!

3. For ever blessed be thy grace
That form'd my spirit new,
And made it of an heav'n-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

4. My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains,
And views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

5. Cheerful in death I close my eyes
To part with ev'ry lust,
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.

6. How would my purer spirit fear
To put this body on.
If its old tempting pow'rs were there,
Nor lusts nor passions gone!

FOR SERM. V.

The soul drawing near to God in prayer.

My God! I bow before thy feet;
When shall my soul get near thy seat,
When shall I see thy glorious face
With mingled majesty and grace?

2. How should I love thee, and adore
With hopes and joys unknown before,
And bids this trifling world be gone,
Nor tease *my heart so* near thy throne!

3. Creatures with all their charms should fly
The presence of a God so nigh;
My darling sins should lose their name,
And grow my hatred and my shame.

4. My soul shall pour out all her cares
In flowing words or flowing tears;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

FOR SERM. VI.

Sins and sorrows spread before God.

O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I 'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2. I 'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain,
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3. I 'd say "How flesh and sense rebel,
"What inward foes combine
"With the vain world and pow'rs of hell
"To vex this soul of mine!"

4. He knows what arguments I 'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I 'd plead for his own mercy's sake
And for my Saviour's blood.

5. My God will pity my complaints
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6. Arise my soul from deep distress
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

FOR SERM. VII.

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven.

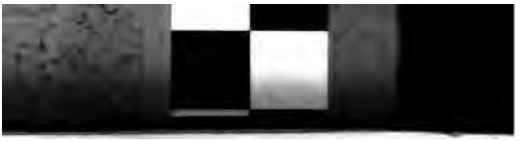
LONG METRE.

Must all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can Heav'n condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

2. The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
And thought he wanted nothing now?

3. But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,
Come part with earth for heav'n to-day;
The youth astonish'd at the word
In silent sadness went his way.

4. Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let Christ *and grace* and glory go
To make his land and money sure!



5. Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah! fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heav'n so cheaply sold?
6. In vain the charms of nature shine
If this vile passion governs me:
Transform my soul O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

FOR SERM. VIII.

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven.

COMMON METRE.

Thus far 'tis well: you read, you pray,
You hear God's holy word,
You hearken what your parents say,
And learn to serve the Lord.
2. Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,
Your practice they approve;
Jesus himself would give you praise
And look with eyes of love.
3. But if you quit the paths of truth
To follow foolish fires,
And give a loose to giddy youth
With all its wild desires;
4. If you will let your Saviour go
To hold your riches fast,
Or hunt for empty joys below,
You 'll lose your heav'n at last.

5. The rich young man whom Jesus lov'd
Should warn you to forbear,
His love of earthly treasures prov'd
A fatal golden snare.

6. See, gracious God, dear Saviour! see
How youth is prone to fall,
Teach them to part with all for thee,
And love thee more than all.

FOR SERM. IX. AND X.

The hidden life of a Christian.

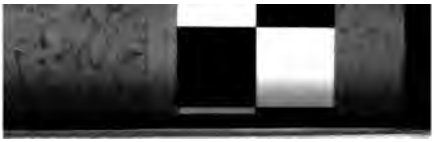
COMMON METRE.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2. His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3. He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4. His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.



5. He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
Till Christ his life appear.

6. He looks to heav'n's eternal hills
To meet that glorious day:
Dear Lord! how slow thy chariot-wheels,
How long is thy delay!

FOR SERM. XI.

Nearness to God the felicity of creatures.

LONG METRE.

Are those the happy persons here
Who dwell the nearest to their God?
Has God invited sinners near,
And Jesus bought this grace with blood?

2. Go then, my soul! address the Son
To lead thee near the Father's face,
Gaze on his glories yet unknown,
And taste the blessings of his grace.

3. Vain vexing world, and flesh, and sense,
Retire while I approach my God,
Nor let my sins divide me thence
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

4. While to thine arms, my God! I press,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my soul from thine embrace;
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

FOR SERM. XII.

The scale of blessedness, or blessed Saints, blessed Saviour, and blessed Trinity.

COMMON METRE.

ASCEND my soul! by just degrees,
Let contemplation rove
O'er all the rising ranks of bliss
Here and in worlds above.

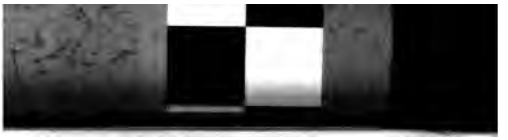
2. Blest is the nation near to God
Where he makes known his ways;
Blest are the men whose feet have trod
His lower courts of grace.

3. Blest were the Levite and the Priest
Who near his altar stood;
Blest are the saints from sin releast,
And reconcil'd with blood.

4. Blest are the souls dismiss'd from clay,
Before his face they stand;
Blest angels in their bright array
Attend his great command.

5. Jesus is more divinely blest,
Where man to godhead join'd
Hath joys transcending all the rest,
More noble and refin'd.

6. But O what words or thoughts can trace
The blessed Three in One!
Here rest my spirit, and confess
The infinite unknown.



FOR SERM. XIII. AND XIV.

Appearance before God here and hereafter.

COMMON METRE.

WHILE I am banish'd from thy house
I mourn in secret Lord:
" When shall I come and pay my vows
" And hear thy holy word ?"
2. So while I dwell in bonds of clay
Methinks my soul shall groan,
" When shall I wing my heav'nly way
" And stand before thy throne!
3. I love to see my Lord below,
His church displays his grace,
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
4. I love to worship at his feet
Tho' sin attack me there,
But saints exalted near his seat
Have no assaults to fear.
5. I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court
And taste his heav'nly love,
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.
6. He shines and I am all delight,
He hides and all is pain;
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

FOR SERM. XV.

A rational defence of the gospel.

COMMON METRE.

SHALL Atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2. What if he chuse mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3. What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
Which we are call'd to win.

4. What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the Prophets spake.

5. Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6. Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word,
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

The gospel the power of God to salvation

LONG METRE.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2. How shall we get our crimes forgiven
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?

3. In vain we search, in vain we try;
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4. This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5. Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6. Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I 'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

FOR SERM. XVIII.

Faith the way to salvation.

LONG METRE.

r by the laws of innocence
Adam's sons arrive at heav'n:
r works can give us no pretence
have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
Not the best deeds that we have done
make a wounded conscience whole:
th is the grace, and faith alone,
it flies to Christ and saves the soul
Lord! I believe thy heav'nly word,
n would I have my soul renew'd:
ourn for sin, and trust the Lord
have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
O may thy grace its pow'r display
guilt and death no longer reign:
e me in thine appointed way,
r let my humble faith be vain.

FOR SERM. XIX.

None excluded from hope.

COMMON METRE.

sus! thy blessings are not few,
r is thy gospel weak;
y grace can melt the stubborn Jew
d heal the dying Greek.

2. Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3. While grace is offer'd to the prince
The poor may take their share:
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4. Be wise ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs,
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5. Come, all ye vilest sinners come,
He 'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6. His doctrine is almighty love;
There 's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

FOR SERM. XX. AND XXI.

Christian morality, viz. truth, sincerity, &c.

COMMON METRE.

Let those that bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfill:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2. True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

4. They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears
Firm to the truth, and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.

5. Lo! from afar the Lord descends
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6. While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

FOR SERM XXII.

Faithfulness.

LONG METRE.

HATH God been faithful to his word,
And sent to men the promis'd grace?
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practise what my lips profess?

Watts.]

2. Hath Christ fulfill'd his kind design,
The dreadful work he undertook,
And dy'd to make salvation mine,
And well perform'd whate'er he spoke?
3. Doth not his faithfulness afford
A noble theme to raise my song?
And shall I dare deny my Lord,
Or utter falsehood with my tongue?
4. My King, my Saviour, and my God!
Let grace my sinful soul renew,
Wash my offences with thy blood,
And make my heart sincere and true.

FOR SERM. XXIII.

Christian morality, viz. gravity, decency, &c.

LONG METRE.

Are we not sons and heirs of God?
Are we not bought with Jesus' blood?
Do we not hope for heav'nly joys?
And shall we stoop to trifling toys?
2. Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?
3. Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love and fools admire?

4. What if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest:
This flesh with all its gaudy forms
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.
5. Lord! raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with an elevated eye
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
6. We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do,
And wait the call that bids us rise
To promis'd mansions in the skies.

FOR SERM. XXIV.

Christian morality, viz. justice and equity.

COMMON METRE.

COME, let us search our ways and try
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practise and delight?
2. What we would have our neighbour do
Have we still done the same,
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due
Nor injur'd his good name?
3. Do we relieve the poor distrest?
Nor give our tongues a loose
To make their names our scorn and jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?

4. Have we not found our envy grow
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due
By sly malicious ways?
5. In all we sell and all we buy
Is justice our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?
6. In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God
And prove unjust to men.

FOR SERM. XXV.

Christian morality, viz. justice and truth.

LONG METRE.

GREAT God! thy holy law requires
To curb our covetous desires,
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practise falsehood or deceit.
2. Thy Son hath set a pattern too;
He paid to God and men their due:
A dreadful debt he paid to God,
And bought our pardon with his blood.
3. Amazing justice! boundless love!
Do we not feel our passions move?
Do we not grieve that we have been
Faithless to God or false to men?

4. Have we no righteous debt deny'd
Thro' wanton luxury and pride?
Nor vex'd the poor with long delay,
And made them groan for want of pay?
5. Have we ne'er thrown a needless shame,
Or scandal on our neighbour's name?
O happy men whose age and youth
Have ever dealt in love and truth!
6. But if our justice once be gone
And leave our faith and hope alone,
If honesty be banish'd hence
Religion is a vain pretence.

FOR SERM. XXVI.

Christian morality, viz. temperance.

LONG METRE.

Is it a man's divinest good
To make his soul a slave to food,
Vile as the beast whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies?
2. Can meats or choicest wines procure
Delights that ever shall endure?
Was I not born above the swine,
And shall I make their pleasures mine?
3. Am I not made for nobler things,
Made to ascend on angels' wings?
Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And part with heav'n to please my taste?

6. Lord! can these plants of virtue grow
In such a soul as mine?
Thy grace can form my nature so,
And make my heart like thine.

FOR SERM. XXIX.

Christian morality, viz. things of good report.

LONG METRE.

Is it a thing of good report
To squander life and time away,
To cut the hours of duty short
While toys and follies wa e the day?

2. To ask and prattle all affairs,
And mind all business but our own?
To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confusion run?

3. Doth this become the Christian name
To venture near the tempter's door,
To sort with men of evil fame
And yet presume to stand secure?

4. Am I my own sufficient guard
While I expose my soul to shame?
Can the short joys of sin reward
The lasting blemish of my name?

5. O may it be my constant choice
To walk with men of grace below,
Till I arrive where heav'nly joys
And never-fading honours grow!

FOR SERM. XXX.

Christian morality, viz. courage and honour.

COMMON METRE.

Do I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true?
Lord! make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

2. Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heav'nly zeal,
That I may make thy pow'r appear,
And works of praise fulfil.

3. If men shall see my virtue shine
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the pow'r, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God!

4. Thus when the saints in glory meet
Their lips proclaim thy grace,
They cast their honours at thy feet
And own their borrow'd rays.

FOR SERM. XXXI.

Holy fortitude, or remedies against fear.

COMMON METRE.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carry'd to the skies
On flowry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYM. LXXII.

Holy fortitude, or remedies against fear.

LORD MEINE.

WHEN tumults of unruly fear
Rise in my heart and riot there,
What shall I do to calm my breast,
And get the vexing foe suppress?

2. What pow'r can these wild thoughts control,
This ruffling tempest of the soul?
Where shall I fly in this distress
But to the throne of glorious grace?
3. My faith would seize some promise Lord;
There's pow'r and safety in thy word:
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall tempt or drive my soul away.
4. I call the days of old to mind
When I have found my God was kind;
My heav'nly friend is still the same,
Salvation to his holy name.
5. Great God! preserve my conscience clean,
Wash me from guilt, forgive my sin:
Thy love shall guard me from surprise
Tho' threat'ning dangers round me rise.
6. When fear like a wild ocean raves,
Let Jesus walk upon the waves
And say "'Tis I:" that heav'nly voice
Shall sink the storm and raise my joys.

FOR SERM. XXXIII.

The universal rule of equity.

LONG METRE.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,
How righteous, is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worse
"Than we would have them deal with us?

2. Will Popish rites and penances
Release my soul from sin?
What insufficient things are these
To calm the wrath divine!

3. God, the great God, who rules the skies,
The gracious and the just,
Makes his own Son our sacrifice,
And there lies all our trust.

4. O never let my thoughts renounce
The gospel of my God,
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once
In Christ's atoning blood.

5. Here rest my faith and ne'er remove,
Here let repentance rise,
While I behold his bleeding love,
His dying agonies.

6. With shame and sorrow here I own
How great my guilt has been:
This is my way t' approach the throne,
And God forgives my sin.

FOR SERM. XXXVI.

Christ's propitiation improved.

LONG METRE.

LORD! didst thou send thy Son to die
For such a guilty wretch as I?
And shall thy mercy not impart
Thy spirit to renew my heart?

2. Lord! hast thou wash'd my garments clean
In Jesus' blood from shame and sin?
Shall I not strive with all my pow'r
That sin pollute my soul no more?

3. Shall I not bear my Father's rod,
The kind corrections of my God,
When Christ upon the cursed tree
Sustain'd a heavier load for me?

4. Why should I dread my dying day
Since Christ hath took the curse away,
And taught me with my latest breath
To triumph o'er thy terrors death?

5. O rather let me wish and cry,
"When shall my soul get loose and fly
"To upper worlds? when shall I see
"The God, the man, that dy'd for me?"

6. I shall behold his glories there,
And pay him my eternal share
Of praise, and gratitude, and love,
Among ten thousand saints above.

FOR SERM. XXXVII.

A Christian's treasure; "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas," &c.

LONG METRE.

How vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2. Paul is our teacher; while he speaks
The shadows fly the morning breaks;
His words like beams of knowledge shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

3. Cephas is ours; he makes us feel
The kindlings of celestial zeal;
While sweet Apollo's charming voice
Gives us a taste of hear'nly joys.

4. The springing corn, the stately wood,
Grow to provide us house and food:
Fire, air, earth, water, join their force;
All nature serves us in her course.

5. The sun rolls round to make our day,
The moon directs our nightly way;
While angels bear us in their arms,
And shield us from ten thousand harms.

6. O glorious portion of the saints!
Let faith suppress our sore complaints,
And tune our hearts and tongues to sing
Our bounteous God, our sov'reign King.

FOR SERM. XXXVIII.

All things working together for good.

LONG METRE.

My soul! survey thy happiness
If thou art found a child of grace:
How richly is the gospel stor'd!
What joy the promises afford!

2. "All things are ours;" the gift of God,
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to enjoy them too.

3. If peace and plenty crown my days
They help me Lord to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food
Those sorrows work my real good.

4. I would not change my bless'd estate
With all that flesh calls rich or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5. Father! I wait thy daily will,
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best
Till death and Heav'n reveal the rest.

FOR SERM. XXXIX.

The right improvement of life.

COMMON METRE.

And is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons giv'n?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heav'n?

2. I 'll never let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord! I accept thy offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3. Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and heart begin
The honours of my God.

4. Let me no more my soul defile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope increasing still
Approach to heav'nly joys.

5. My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6. On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state
May heav'n receive this soul of mine
To bliss divinely great.

FOR SERM. XL.

The privilege of the living above the dead.

LONG METRE.

AWAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And serve my Saviour here below
In works which all the saints above
Which holy angels cannot do.

2. My faith and hope may see the Lord
Tho' vails of darkness lie between;
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unseen.

3. Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry soul and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more.

4. Subdue thy passions O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

5. The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no fields of battle there:
Lord! I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

6. Let ev'ry flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,
And when my life and labours cease
May I possess the promis'd crown.

FOR SERM. XLI.

Death of mankind, saints and sinners improved.

LONG METRE.

HAS death such vast destruction made?
Does ev'ry hour increase the dead?
Here I behold the guilt of sin
That brought this spreading mischief in.

2. Great God! how awful and how just
Thy law that turns our flesh to dust!
O let me learn how frail am I,
And all my life prepare to die.

3. When impious wretches yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,
Awake my soul, adore the grace
That gave thee a repenting space.
4. But when a saint with cheerful air
Meets his last foe and feels no fear,
Our faith, our hope, and courage grow,
We learn to face the tyrant too.
5. We could renounce our all things here,
And wish that moment would appear
When we shall leave this world, and rise
To meet the joys above the skies.

FOR SERM. XLII.

Death of kindred improved.

COMMON METRE.

Must friends and kindred drop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?
2. Be thou our comfort mighty God!
Our helper and our friend,
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road
Till all our trials end.
3. O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4. Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief dispel,
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell

FOR SERM. XLIII.

Death a blessing to the saints.

LONG METRE.

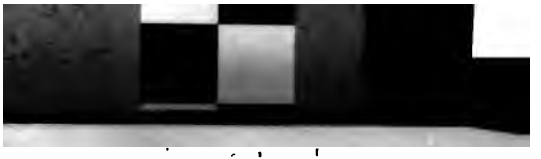
Do flesh and nature dread to die,
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2. What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near,
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war?

3. Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

4. There shall we see him face to face,
There shall we know the Great Unknown;
And Jesus with his glorious grace
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

5. When we put off this fleshly load
We 're from a thousand mischiefs free,
For ever present with our God,
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.



6. No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn with blowing eyes,
And sin defile our souls no more.

7. 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels ever blest
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.

8. O for a visit from my God
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me thro' this darksome road
To realms of everlasting day!

FOR SERM. XLIV.

The doctrine of the Trinity, and the use of it, or access to the Father through Christ by the Holy Spirit.

COMMON METRE.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2. Immortal honour to the Son
Who makes thy anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to buy our peace.

3. To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4. Let men with their united voice
Adore th' Eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Thro' nations far abroad.

5. Let faith and love and duty join
One gen'ral song to raise,
And saints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

PREFACE.

To all that are concerned in the education of children.

MY FRIENDS,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world and that to come are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients among the Jews and the Heathens taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the word of the song of Moses, *Deut.* xxxi. 19, 30. And we are directed in the New Testament not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to "teach and admonish one another by hymns "and songs," *Ephes.* v. 19.; and there are those four advantages in it:

1. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amu-

ling and entertaining in rhymes and metre that will incline children to make this part of their business diversion: and you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these Songs every week if they fulfill the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.

2. What is learned in verse is longer retained in memory and sooner recollected. The like sounds and the like number of syllables exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen that the end of a song running in the mind may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of Scripture is not upon their thoughts.

3. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

4. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was compos several years ago at the request of a friend, who h been long engaged in the work of catechising a ve great number of children of all kinds, and with abu dant skill and success; so that you will find here n thing that savours of a party: the children of high a low degree of the church of England, or Dissenters ba tized in infancy or not, may all join together in the Songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the la guage to the level of a child's understanding, and y to keep it if possible above contempt, so I have c signed to profit all if possible and offend none. I ho the more general the sense is these composures m be of more universal use and service.

I have added at the end some attempts of Sonn on Moral Subjects for children, with an air of pl santry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little bo of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in t important work of education! may he succeed yc cares with his abundant grace, that the rising gene tion of Great Britain may be a glory among the n tions, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessi to the earth!

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN

SONG I.

A general song of praise to God.

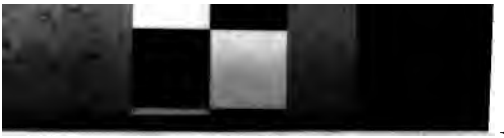
How glorious is our heav'nly King
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

2. How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Not think how large his grace;
Not men below nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3. Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will,
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

4. Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'ring bring;
Th' Eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5. My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.



SONG II.

Praise for creation and providence.

I SING th' almighty pow'r of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

2. I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3. I sing the goodness of the Lord
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4. Lord! how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5. There 's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known,
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

6. Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

7. In Heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

8. His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

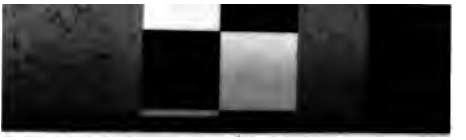
Praise to God for our redemption.

Blest be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

2. Our father ate forbidden fruit
And from his glory fell,
And we his children thus were brought
To death and near to hell.

3. Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.

4. He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross
And our full ransom paid.



5. Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

6. There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

7. Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb
While waking saints rejoice.

8. O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

Praise for mercies spiritual and temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more,
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3. How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

4. While some poor wretches scare can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5. While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6. Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

Praise for birth and education in a Christian land.

GREAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise
Till growing years improve the song.

2. 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

5. Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

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2. 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3. I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.

4. How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

5. Thy glorious promises O Lord!
Kindle my hopes and my desire,
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

6. Thy praise shall still employ my breath
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n,
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

SONG VI.

Praise for the gospel.

LORD! I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

2. What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n
Could they have heard these glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n!

3. How glad the Heathens would have been
That worship idols, wood, and stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

4. Then if this gospel I refuse
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII.

The excellency of the Bible.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look,
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy Book.

2. The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction giv'n,
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.

3. The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord,
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4. Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

5. Lord! make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6. Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7. Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to God for learning to read.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd so young
To read thy holy word.

2. That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too
A wretched slave to sin.

3. That I am led to see
I can do nothing well
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

4. Dear Lord! this Book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin
And make me holy too.

5. Here I can read and learn
How Christ the Son of God
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

6. And now he reigns above
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love
And make his gospel known.

7. O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach
And all thy saints believe.

8. Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain
That I was taught to read his word
And have not learn'd in vain.

SONG IX.

The all-seeing God.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

5. [illegible]
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun
While men and angels hear?

4. Lord! at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy Book.

5. Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6. O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

SONG X.

Solemn thoughts of God and death,

2. There is a law which he has writ
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3. There is a gospel of rich grace
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord! I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4. There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

5. Let me improve the hours I have
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

6. Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

Heaven and hell.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love,
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

2. There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3. Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
To shall to heav'n ascend?

4. Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

The advantages of early religion.

HAPPY 's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2. When we devote our youth to God
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

3. 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

Twill save us from a thousand snares
nind religion young;
:e will preserve our following years,
l make our virtue strong.
. To thee Almighty God! to thee
r childhood we resign;
will please us to look back and see
hat our whole lives were thine.
6. Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I 'm prepar'd for longer days
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

The danger of delay.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heav'n or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.
2. If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heav'n
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.
3. What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear
While I refuse to read and pray
That he 'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

4. So did his wife Sephira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confess that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

5. The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

6. Then let me always watch my lips
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of such strong keeps
For every lie that children tell.

SONG XVI.

Against quarrelling and fighting.

1. Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too;

2. But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

3. Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild:
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
The sweet and lovely child.

4. His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.
5. Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between brothers and sisters.

Whatever brawls disturb the street
There should be peace at home:
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.
2. Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
3. Hard names at first and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
4. The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

5. The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night,
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.
6. Pardon, O Lord! our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That as we grow to riper age
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

Against scoffing and calling names.

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word
We must not rail again.
2. Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother Fool.
3. But lips that dare be so profane
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.
4. When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up thou Bald-head, go;"

5. God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears
That tore them limb from limb to death
With blood, and groans, and tears.

6. Great God! how terrible art thou
To sinners ne'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

Against swearing, and cursing, and taking God's name in vain.

Angels that high in glory dwell
Adore thy name almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2. And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they 're angry how they swear
And curse their fellows and blaspheme!

3. How will they stand before thy face
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

4. Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

5. My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly Father whom I love.
6. If my companions grow profane
I 'll leave their friendship when I hear:
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

Against idleness and mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!
2. How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
3. In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
4. In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

Against evil company.

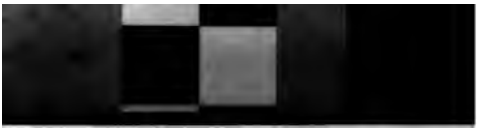
WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I 've no delight,
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight?

2. I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3. Away from fools I 'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
The wiser I may grow.

4. From one rude boy that 's us'd to mock
Then learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock
And poisons all the rest.

5. My God! I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.



SONG XXII.

Against pride in clothes.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve our mother learn'd to sin.

2. When first she put the cov'ring on
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

3. How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

4. The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dress'd fine as I will
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still.

5. Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind:
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

6. No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear:
The Son of God when here below
Put on this bless'd apparel too.

t never fades, it ne'er grows old,
:ars the rain, nor moth, nor mold;
es no spot, but still refines;
nore 'tis worn the more it shines.
n this on earth would I appear,
go to heav'n and wear it there;
/ill approve it in his sight,
is own work and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to parents.

:hildren that would fear the Lord
what their teachers say
rev'rence meet their parents' word,
/ith delight obey.
.ave not you heard what dreadful plagues
reaten'd by the Lord
n that breaks his father's law
:ks his mother's word?
/hat heavy guilt upon him lies!
:urs'd is his name!
ıvens shall pick out his eyes,
agles eat the same.
ut those that worship God, and give
parents honour due,
ın this earth they long shall live,
ve hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The child's complaint.

Why should I love my sport so well
So constant at my play?
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?

2. What do I read my Bible for
But, Lord! to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more
And less obey thee still?

3. How senseless is my heart and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4. Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

SONG XXV.

A morning song.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below
Doth send him round the skies.

'hen from the chambers of the East
›rning race begins,
'er tires nor stops to rest,
ınd the world he shines.
› like the sun would I fulfill
is'ness of the day,
my work betimes, and still
on my heav'nly way.
ve me, O Lord! thy early grace,
t my soul complain
he young morning of my days
l been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

An evening song.

now another day is gone
ıg my Maker's praise;
mforts ev'ry hour make known
ovidence and grace.
ıt how my childhood runs to waste!
is how great their sum!
give me pardon for the past,
rength for days to come.
lay my body down to sleep,
gels guard my head,
ıro' the hours of darkness keep
watch around my bed.

4. With cheerful heart I close my eyes
Since thou wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's-day morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead,
Why should I keep my eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed?

2. This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'rs of death and hell,
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3. To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word,
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will O Lord!

4. I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the sev'n!

SONG XXVIII.

For the Lord's-day evening.

LORD! how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

2. I have been there and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3. O write upon my mem'ry Lord!
The texts and doctrines of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4. With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That hoping pardon thro' his blood
I may lie down and wake with God.

The Ten Commandments out of the Old Testament put into short rhyme for children, Exodus xx.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.

5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The sum of the Ten Commandments out of the New T.
Matt. xxii. 37.

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden rule, Matt. vii. 12.

Be you to others kind and true
As you 'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our neighbour.

Love God with all your soul and strengt
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbour as yourself:
Be faithful just and kind;
Deal with another as you 'd have
Another deal with you:
What you 're unwilling to receive
Be sure you never do.

The Hosanna, * *or Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth
Who brings salvation down on earth.

2. Let ev'ry nation ev'ry age
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2. Hosanna to th' Eternal Word
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord
With blessings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

---

* Out of my book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these songs, according to the direction of parents or governors.

2. To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

Glory to the Father and the Son, &c.

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT

SPECIMEN

OF

MORAL SONGS;

Such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country, (which would also afford matter for other divine songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things, that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptation of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.

I. *The Sluggard.*

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

2. "A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number,
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

3. I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he beg

4. I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drin
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thi

5. Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson f
That man 's but a picture of what I may be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my b
Who taught me by times to love working
ing.

II. *Innocent play.*

Abroad in the meadows to see the youn
Run sporting about by the side of their
With fleeces so clean and so white,
Or a nest of young doves in a large op
When they play all in love without a
How much we may learn from the s

we had been ducks we might dabble in mud,
;s, we might play till it ended in blood,
l and so fierce are their natures;
Thomas and William, and such pretty names, to
ld be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
se lovely sweet innocent creatures.
Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
uld hinder another in jesting or play,
r he's still in earnest that's hurt:
ow rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
here's none but a madman will fling about fir:,
nd tell you "'Tis all but in sport."

III. *The Rose.*

How fair is the Rose, what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May,
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

2. Yet the Rose has one pow'rful virtue to boast
Above all the flow'rs of the field,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

3. So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the Rose,
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

4. Then I'll not be proud of my youth or n
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well doing my du
This will scent like a Rose when I'm dea

IV. *The Thief.*

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

2. 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

3. Have not Eve and Adam taught
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit!

4. Oft' we see a young beginner
Practise little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner
Then the gallows ends his days.

5. Theft will not be always hidd
Tho' we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden
God beholds it with his eye.

. Guard my heart O God of heav'n!
Lest I covet what 's not mine;
Lest I steal what is not giv'n
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

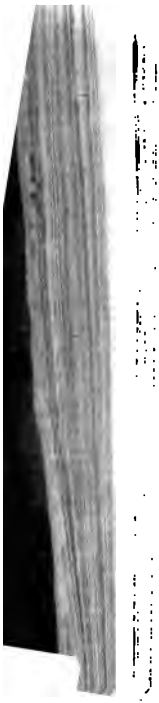
V. *The Ant or Emmet.*

These Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern;
Yet as wise as we are if we went to their school
There 's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

2. They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frost and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

3. But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant
If I take no due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
If I trifle away all their prime! [in bloom

4. Now, now, while my strength and my youth a
Let me think what will serve me when sickness sh
come,



And pray that my sins be forgiv'n;
Let me read in good books, and believ
That when death turns me out of this
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

VI. *Good Resolutions.*

Tho' I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befal me,
I 'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age shall call me.

2. Should I e'er be rich or great
Others shall partake my goodness,
I 'll supply the poor with meat
Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

3. Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I 'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

4. If I meet with railing tongues
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing?

5. When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I 'll try to make them wise,
Or I 'll soon go out of hearing.

hat tho' I be low and mean?
ngage the rich to love me
ile I 'm modest, neat, and clean,
.nd submit when they reprove me.
7. If I should be poor and sick
I shall meet I hope with pity,
Since I love to help the weak
Tho' they 're neither fair nor witty.
8. I 'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What 's amiss I 'll strive to mend,
And endure what cann't be mended.
9. May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion
As to speak and do no ill
Tho' it should be all the fashion.
10. Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying,
But in life behave so well
Not to be afraid of dying.

VII. *A Summer Evening.*

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droopings of rain;

But now the fair traveller's come to th
His rays are all gold, and his beauties a
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to h
And foretels a bright rising again.

2. Just such is the Christian; his cou
Like the sun in a mist while he mourn
And melts into tears; then he breaks o
And travels his heav'nly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish hi
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer
And gives a sure hope at the end of his
Of rising in brighter array.

A Cradle Hymn. *

Hush! my dear! lie still and slumbe
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2. Sleep my babe! thy food and rai
House and home, thy friends provide
All without thy care or payment;
All thy wants are well supply'd.

* Some copies of this Hymn havin
ready into several hands, the Autho
suaded to permit it to appear in put
these Songs for Children.

How much better thou 'rt attended
In the Son of God could be
Sen from heav'n he descended,
Id became a child like thee?

4. Soft and easy is thy cradle;
oarse and hard thy Saviour lay
When his birth-place was a stable
And his softest bed was hay.

5. Blessed Babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

6. Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heav'nly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

7. Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy { mother * / nurse that } sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

8. Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

* Here *you may use the* words brother, sister, neighbour, *friend, &c.*

Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd thy language hear.
Where is thy residence? oh why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? Thou great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
Divide, ye clouds! and let me see
The Pow'r that gives me leave to be.
Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundless space, a present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near?
What shall I do to find thee here?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart,
To hear thy whispers soft and kind
In holy silence of the mind?
Then rest my thoughts, no longer roam
In quest of joy, for heav'n 's at home.
But oh! thy beams of warmest love,
Sure they were made for worlds above!
How shall my soul her pow'rs extend
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach these heights, thy best abode,
And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
What shall I do? I wait thy call;
Pronounce the word, my life, my all!
Oh for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-star!

Fain would I trace th' immortal way
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd
In his own fairest glories dress'd.
Some shining spirit help me rise,
Come waft a stranger thro' the skies;
Bless'd Jesus! meet me on the road,
First offspring of th' Eternal God,
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's throne.

II. *To Dorio. The first Lyric Hour.*

"ALBIS dormit in rosis,
"Lilliisque jacens et violis dies,
"Primæ cui potui vigil
"Somnum Pierià rumpere barbito,
"Curæ dum vacuus puer
"Formosi legerem littora Narviæ.
"Ex illo mihi posteri
"Florient sole dies, &c." *Casimire.*

Above lines imitated.

'TWAS an unclouded sky. The day-star sat
On highest noon. No breezes fann'd the grove,
Nor the musicians of the air pursu'd
Their *artless warblings,* while the sultry day

Lay all diffus'd and slumb'ring on the bosom
Of the white lily, the presum'd jonquil,
And lovely blushing rose. Then first my harp,
Lab'ring with childish innocence and joy,
Brake silence, and awoke the smiling hour
With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
(Heav'n's highest work) the fair enamell'd meads,
And tall green shades along the winding banks
Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my skill
To vanquish care by the sweet-sounding string.
  Hail happy hour! O blest remembrance hail!
And banish woes for ever. Harps were made
For heav'n's beatitudes: there Jesse's son
Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound
To the creating and all-ruling Pow'r
Not unattentive, while ten thousand tongues
Of hymning seraphs and disbody'd saints
Echo the joys and graces round the hills
Of Paradise, and spread Messiah's name.
Transporting bliss! Make haste ye rolling spheres,
Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes; haste,
Fulfill my destin'd period here, and raise
The meanest son of harmony to join
In that celestial concert.

III. *The Hebrew Poet.*

This Ode represents the difficulty of a just translation of the Psalms of David in all their Hebrew glory, with an apology for the imitation of them in Christian language.

[*The first hint borrowed from Casimire, Jessæa quisquis*, &c. Book iv. Ode 7.]

Shew me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings;
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tow'r again.

2. The bard * that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Sion sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own
That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

3. Blest poet! now like gentle Thames
He sooths our ears with silver streams;
Like his own Jordan now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

4. Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads,
He marks their path with notes divine
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

* Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

5. Rivers of peace attend his sacred
And draw their milky train along:
He jars, and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.
6. When kindling with victorious fire
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre responsive utterance gives,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.
7. Behold the God! th' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing,
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.
8. Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles, and her mountains flow
At his approach like melting snow.
9. But who those frowns of wrath can draw
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder hail and smoke.
10. He spake, the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre
You see the frighted floods retire:
11. In heaps the frighted billows stand
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel thro' the sea,
And wat'ry mountains guard their way.

. Turning his ha..d with sov'reign sweep
: drowns all Egyp: in the deep,
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band!
Thro' deserts to the promis'd land.

13. Here camps with wide embattled force
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course:
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

14. See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings;
From ev'ry chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

15. Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene:
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride
With guards of justice at his side.

16. No meaner Muse could weave the light
To form his robes divinely bright,
Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for Majesty divine.

17. Now in prophetic light he sees
Ages to come and dark decrees;
He brings the Prince of glory down
Stript of his robe and starry crown.

18. See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage,
See their combining pow'rs engage
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The man *whom angels* late ador'd!

19. God's only Son, behold he dies!
Surprising grief! the groans arise,
The lyre complains on ev'ry string,
And mourns the murder of her King.
20. But Heav'n's Anointed must not dwell
In death: the vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
The grave resigns th' illustrious prey.
21. Messiah lives! Messiah reigns!
The song surmounts the airy plains
T' attend her Lord with joys unknown
And beat the Victor to his throne.
22. Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh;
Eternal doors your leaves display
To make the Lord of glory way.
23. What mortal bard has skill or force
To paint these scenes to tread this course,
Or furnish thro' th' ethereal road
A triumph for a rising God?
24. Astonish'd at so vast a flight
Thro' flaming worlds and floods of light
My Muse her awful distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling steps.
25. She bids her Hebrew verse explain
The humble harp's sublimer strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What course the sun of glory goes.

26. Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense, * there he sets in blood: †
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke † and bleeding lambs. †
27. Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws,
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.
28. Grace is her theme and joy and love:
Descend ye blessings from above
And crown my song. Eternal God!
Forgive the Muse that dreads thy rod.
29. Silent! she hears thy vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds
Th' immortal curses on their heads.
30. Yet since her God is still the same,
And David's son is all her theme,
She begs some humble place to sing
In concert with Judea's King.

IV. *Divine goodness in the Creation.*

When God the new-made world survey'd
His word pronounc'd the building good;
Sun-beams and light the heav'ns array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

* Christ's intercession. † His sacrifice.

2. Colours that charm and ease the eye
His pencil spread all nature round,
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet drest the ground.

3. Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants or skill or care,
But turn their eyes all round in vain
T' avoid their maker's goodness there.

V. *The sacred concert of praise.*

Come, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade
Here let our diff'rent notes in praise conspire
'Twas the same hand your painted pinions sp
That form'd my nobler pow'rs to raise his
higher.

2. Fair songsters come; beneath the sacred
We 'll sit, and teach the woods our Maker's
Men have forgot his works, his pow'r, his lov
Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wo
frame.

3. I search the crowded court, the busy stre
Run thro' the villages, trace ev'ry road:
In vain I search, for ev'ry heart I meet
Is laden with the world and empty of its God.

4. How shall I bear with men to spend my
Dear feather'd innocents! you please me best
My God has fram'd your voices for his praise
His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful

5. Sweet warblers! come, wake all your cheerful tongues,
We join with angels and their heav'nly choirs;
Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
Tho' bolder are their notes and purer are their fires.

6. Had I ten thousand hearts, my God! my Love!
Had I ten thousand voices, all are thine:
Where love inflames the soul the lips must move,
Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme 's divine.

VI. *The world a stranger to God.*

Infinite beauty, everlasting love,
How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from thee!
Th' Eternal God surrounds us, yet we rove
In chase of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

2. Oh could I cry and make the nations hear
From north to south my voice should teach thy name;
I 'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
And pay immortal souls for glitt'ring dust or fame.

3. Almighty Pow'r! break off these chains of sense
Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
Create the world anew; let man commence
A seraph here on earth, let man to heav'n aspire.

VII. *The midnight elevation.*

Now reigns the night in her sublimest noon,
Nature lies hush'd, the stars their watches keep,
I wait thy influence *gentle sleep*;
Come shed thy choicest poppies down

On ev'ry sense; sweet slumbers seal my eyes,
Tir'd with the scenes of day, with painted vanities.
2. In vain I wish in vain I try
To close my eyes and learn to die;
Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly.
Then be my thoughts serene as day,
Be sprightly as the light,
Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
And take a vigorous flight:
Swift fly my soul, transcend those dusky skies,
And trace the vital world that lies
Beyond those glimm'ring fires that gild and cheer this night.
3. There Jesus reigns, adored name!
The second on the throne supreme,
In whose mysterious form combine
Created glories and divine:
The joy and wonder of the realms above,
At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,
Burn with his fire and triumph in his love:
4. There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage live,
My Reynold 's there with Howe and Boyle are found;
Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
And now they soar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is drown'd.
They aid the seraphs while they sing;
God is their unexhausted theme:

Light, life, and joy, from that immortal spring
O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.
Amazing state! divine abode! [God.
Where spirits find their heav'n while they are lost in
5. Hail! holy souls, no more confin'd
To limbs and bones that clog the mind;
Ye have escap'd the snares and left the chains behind.
We wretched prisoners here below,
What do we see, or learn, or know,
But scenes of various folly, guilt, and woe?
Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play
Round our fond sense and waste the day,
Enchant the fancy, vex the lab'ring soul;
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
Beholds the busy slav'ry we endure;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.
6. Reynolds! thou late ascended mind,
Employ'd in various thought and tuneful song,
What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
And bid me join the harmonious throng?
Oh for a wing to rise to thee!
When shall my eyes those heav'nly wonders see?
When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refin'd?
7. Roll on apace ye spheres sublime,
Swift drive thy chariot round illustrious moon,
Haste all ye twinkling measurers of time,
Ye *can't fulfil your course* too soon.

Kindle my languid [illegible] celestial [illegible],
Point all my passions to the courts above,
Then send the convoy down to guard my [illegible].
8. Thrice happy world! where glided [illegible]
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our
Their light and shade succeed no more by turns, [illegible]
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines and love for ever burns.

VIII.

"Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.
"----------Alcinoique juventus
"Cui pulchrum sunt in medios dormire dies, &c.

Horace.

Above lines paraphrased.

There are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why they 're born
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle fowl and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place,
And swallow corn and carcasses.

Then if their tombstone when they die
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There 's nothing better will be said
Than that " They 've eat up all their bread,
" Drank up their drink and gone to bed."

IX.

——" Exacto contentus tempore vitæ
" Cedat uti conviva satur.——
" Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
" Tempus abire tibi." *Horace.*

Which may be thus put into English.

Life's but a feast; and when we die
Horace would say, if he were by,
" Friend! thou hast eat and drank enough,
" 'Tis time now to be marching off;
" Then like a well-fed guest depart
" With cheerful looks and ease at heart;
" Bid all your friends good-night, and say
" You 've done the bus'ness of the day."

Reflection.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice
Eternal hopes above the skies,
And pour their lives out all in waste
To the vile idol of their taste!

The highest heav'n of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute;
Happy if they could die as well,
Without a judge, without a hell!

X. *Youth and Death.*

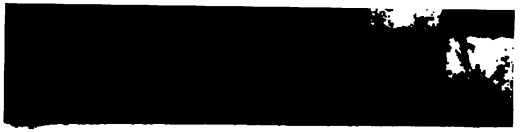
——"Tener vitulus relictâ
"Matere, qui largis Juvenescit herbis
"In mea vota:
"Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
"Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
"Quà notam duxit niveus videri,
"Cetera fulvus. *Horace.*

Above lines put into English.

A MILK-WHITE mark its spreading front adorns,
Shap'd like a moon of three days old,
The silver curve divides its budding horns,
And all besides is gold.
The pretty creature, wild in wanton play,
Now frisks about the flow'ry mead;
Loose from the dam it knows no grief to-day,
But must to-morrow bleed.

XI. *Babylon destroyed, or the 137th Psalm translated.*

WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,
The brooks of Babylon the proud,
We thought on Sion's mournful state,
And wept her woes and wail'd aloud.



2. Thoughtless of ev'ry cheerful air
(For grief had all our harps unstrung)
Our harps, neglected in despair,
And silent, on the willows hung.
3. Our foes who made our land their spoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues
Bid us forget our groans a while,
And give a taste of Sion's songs.
4. How shall we sing in Heathen lands
Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord! shall our lips at their commands
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain!
5. Forbid it Heav'n! O vile abuse
Sion in dust forbids it too:
Shall hymns inspir'd for sacred use
Be sung to please a scoffing crew?
6. O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still,
Let some avenging pow'r bereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill.
7. If I thy sacred rites profane,
O Salem! or thy dust despise,
If I indulge one cheerful strain
Till I shall see thy tow'rs arise.
8. 'Twas Edom bid the conqu'ring foe.
"Down with the tow'rs and raise thy walls:"
Requite her Lord! but, Babel, know
Thy *guilt for fiercer vengeance* calls.

9. As thou hast spar'd nor sex nor age,
Deaf to our infants' dying groans,
May some bless'd hand inspir'd with rage
Dash thy young babes and fling the stones!

XII. EPITAPHIUM MENSTRI CUJUSDAM,

APUD ANGLOS VULGO DICTI

BIGOTRY.

Terræ et Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, viro ingenioso et vere pio,

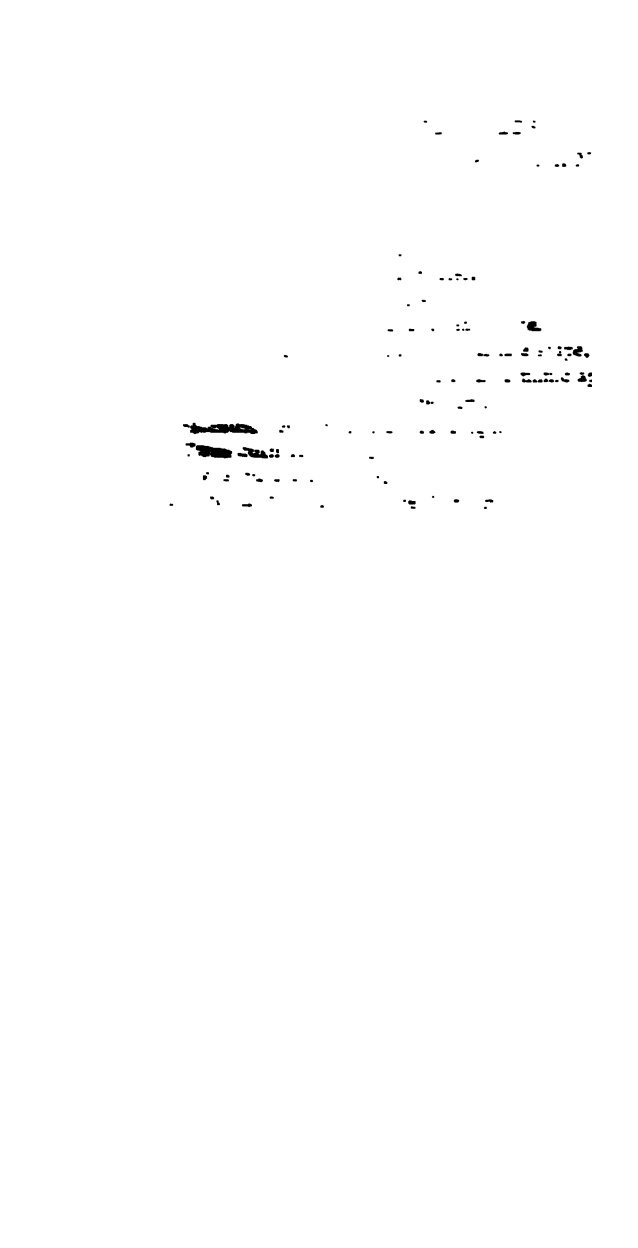
JOHANNE REYNOLDS,

" Hic jacet (semperque jaceat!)
" Pietatis cadaver,
" Improbitatis corpus,
" Religionis larva,
" Sanctimoniæ hostis et umbra,
" Divini imago zeli, et pestis,
" Ecclesia simia simul, et lupus.]
2. " Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui
" Romæ antiquæ natum, [lumen ademptum,
" Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
" In calliginosis Vaticani adytis,
" *Humano* sanguine et pulvere pyrio
" *Nutritum*, saginatum.

3. " Hispanicæ ditionis incola,
" Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
" Jamdudum gratissimis;
" Veteris quidem novique orbis,
" Humani generis et commodi causâ
" Peregrinator assiduus.
4. " Liguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus,
" Sexûs itidem utriusque particeps.
" Mentium illuminator flammeus,
" Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
" Qui laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
" Reluctantium animarum catervas
" Festinas in cœlum amandat,
" Celerrimus orbis conversor.
" Conspirationum exitialium,
" Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
" (Mali reverâ machinarum infandi)
" Artifex dexterrimus.
5. " Ecclesiæ sub nomine et cultu,
" Sub pelle ovina et vultu,
" Libertatis penitùs ecclesiasticæ,
" Commercii penè civilis,
" Ac societatis humanæ
" Indomitus vastator et prædo.
6. " Artibus politis, politicisque,
" Critices nexibus, logicæque strophis
" Calamorum, linguæque telis,
" Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis,

" Cæterisque gentis togatæ ornamentis
" Bellator instructissimus.
" Cui furor, ac odium, ac nefas,
" Fastusque ac seculi amor,
" Perjuria, piæque fraudes,
" Truculentia partium studia,
" Implicitæ fidei, tyrannicisque,
" Obsequii proinde passivi,
" Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
" Comites fuerunt, solennes.
8. " Cui nugæ, tricæque, calendæ,
" Quisquiliæ, diræ, exequiæque,
" Bullæ minantes, et bruta fulmina,
" Vota sacrilega, ac legendæ,
" Jecur theologicum, bilisque
" Aspera æque ac atra,
" Pompæ theatrales, ritusque
" Obsoleti simul et decentes,
" Cordi fuere et cibo.
9. " Ordinis ut plurimùm clericalis,
" Gregis potissimùm Loyolitici,
" Congregationis præterea venerandæ
" De propagandâ per orbem fide,
" Coccenatus antistes.
10. " Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ,
" (Solertissimæ hæreticorum muscipulæ)
" Primævus fundator, et præses.
" *Amplissimo* cardinalium concessui,

in sanctissimo S. R. ecclesiæ 70
capitique.
retioribus semper consiliis.
Christiani insuper orbis totius
per orientales, quam occidentales
li plagas
è secum melitantis
uid, quæso, dicendum?)
ignanus semper triumphans.
Insulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hostibus
i mœnibus necnon ab navium 80
ignaculis bene munitæ,
i præterea domesticis,
acris, quà civilibus
a si tandem sua noverit)
ium fortunatissimæ
ı dolor! proh pudor!)
tinus divisor et helluo.
fuge viator, maligium
iste sepulchri vaporem!
ire, festina, et ora 90
phingi adeo nefandæ
s in ævum
urrectionis concedatur locus."



4. All languages the Fury spoke,
And did of either sex partake:
Flaming enlightner of the mind,
And headlong leader of the blind,
Oft' has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak
While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind.
By gibbet, sword, and fire,
It made whole tribes of men expire,
And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,
A swift converter of the world.
Dext'rous in all the arts of blood,
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
Those murd'rous engines to destroy the good.

The Muse here tiring begs the reader's leave to release herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and metre by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.

5. Under the name and habit of the church.
Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
It became the most savage and rampant
Plund'rer and waster of human society,
Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
And left religious liberty expiring.

6. A warrior well furnish'd
With all arts politic and polite,
With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
The hamp'ring chains and subtilties of logic,

And the jav'lins of pen and tongue,
With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

7. Fury, hatred, and mischief,
Love of this world, pride and disdain,
With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds
And raging party-zeal,
Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
High encomiums and endless applause
Of guides infallible and faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine right,
Of unlimited pow'r and passive obedience
To tyrant priests and kings,
With the immortal praise and merit
Of stupid ignorance and blind submission,
Were heralds to prepare its way.

8. Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
Legends and silly tales,
Old almanacks and mouldy musty relics,
Sweeping of ancient tombs,
Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies
Both decent and indecent,
Monkish vows and superstitious austerities,
With words of sacredotal absolution
And sacredotal vengeance,
Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
Roaring bulls and vain thunders,

Mixt up with priestly choler bitter and black,
Were its delicious food.

[*New metre and rhyme proceed.*]

9. A purple prelate, chosen to preside
Over the whole Imagination drove,
And all the clergy tribes beside,
All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love;
In ev'ry diff'rent sect 'twas known,
It made the cassock and the coul its own,
Now stalk'd in formal cloke, now flutter'd in the gown.

10. At what dark hour soe'er
The curst divan at Rome were met
Catholic faith to propagate
This monster fill'd the chair,
The conclave dress'd in bonnets red,
With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
Made it their privy-counsellor.
The inquisition court (a bloody crew,
Artful to set the solemn trap
That lets no heretic escape)
Owns it her president and founder too.

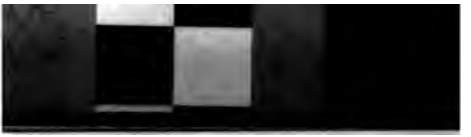
11. Oft' as the church in east or western lands
Rising against herself in arms
In her own blood imbru'd her hands
This chief led on th' unnatural war,
Or did the bloody standards bear
Or sound the fierce alarms;

Victorious still. (And what can more be said
Of all the living warriors or the heroes dead?)
12. Britannia! a land well stor'd with ev'ry good
That nature, law, religion, gives,
A land where sacred freedom thrives;
Bless'd isle! if her own weal she understood.
Her sons immur'd with guardian Ocean sleep,
And castles floating on the deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign foes. O shame, O sin!
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
This hellish Fury, who with flatt'ring breath
Did first divide and then devour,
And made wild waste where'er she spread her pow'r
Behold she meets her fatal hour
And lies inchain'd in death.
13. Shout at thy grave O traveller!
Triumphant joys that reach the skies
Are here the justest obsequies:
Shout thrice, then fly afar
The pois'nous steams and stenches of the sepul
Go turn thy face to heav'n, and pray
That such a hateful monster never may
Obtain a resurrection-day.

XIII. *An hymn to Christ Jesus, the Eterna*

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom show
The spring whence living waters flow.

H the Stoic's flinty heart
is cordial juice impart?
find these blissful streams
s raptures and his dreams?
I ask, for Nature's pow'r
to this mortal hour;
poor relief she gave
terrors of the grave.
our kinsman and our God,
ajesty and blood,
r life; our souls in thee
l felicity,
immortal hopes are laid
urety and our head:
y cradle, and thy throne,
glories yet unknown.
eists scoff and Jews blaspheme
life and Jesus' name,
s almighty breath
bellious world to death.
ny soul for ever lie
lessings of thine eye;
n earth, 'tis heav'n above,
ce to taste thy love,



XIV. *David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan,* 2 Sam. i. 19, *&c. paraphrased thus.*

UNHAPPY day! distressing sight!
Israel, the land of Heav'n's delight,
How is thy strength thy beauty fled!
On the high places of the fight
Behold thy princes fall'n thy sons of victory dead.

2. Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
Among the streets of Askelon:
How will Philistia's youth rejoice
And triumph in our shame,
And girls with weak unhallow'd voice
Chant the dishonours of the Hebrew name!

3. Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
Nor fruitful show'rs descend on you:
Curse on your fields thro' all the year,
No flow'ry blessings there appear,
Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
To grace the altar or to feed the land.
'Twas in those inauspicious fields
Judean heroes lost their shields;
'Twas there (ah base reproach and scandal of the day!
Thy shield, O Saul! was cast away,
As tho' the prophet's horn had never shed
Its sacred odours on thy head.

4. The sword of Saul had ne'er till now
Awoke to war in vain,
Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow.
Without an army slain.

nd honour mark'd their way
ifter to their prey,
ong or bold as they.
in arms and great in war
ıan and Saul,
ife and manly fair,
ivides the royal pair,
nds share their fall.
of Israel! melt your eyes
ears, and swell your sighs:
disgrac'd, your monarch lies
eak mountains pale and cold:
rich scarlet your array;
ere your looks, your bosoms gay
ems of regal gift and interwoven gold.
w are the princes sunk in death!
on the shameful ground!
my own Jonathan resign'd his breath:
high places where he stood
it his honours and his blood;
ecrable arm that gave the mortal wound!
My Jonathan, my better part,
rother, and (that dearer name) my friend,
l the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart,
here my comforts end,
w pleasant was thy love to me!
azing passion, strong and free!

No dangers could thy steady soul remove:
Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love,
To name my joys awakes my pain;
The dying friend runs cold thro' ev'ry vein.
My Jonathan! my dying friend!
How thick my woes arise! where will my sorrows

8. Unhappy day! distressing sight!
Israel, the land of Heav'n's delight,
How are thy princes fall'n, thy son's of vict'ry
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
With all the sully'd pomp of war,
In rude confusion spread,
Promiscuous lie among the dead,
A lamentable rout o'er all th' inglorious plain.

XV. *On the sight of Queen Mary in the year 1*

I saw the illustrious form, I saw
Beauty that gave the nations law:
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
In condescending grandeur shone.

2. That blooming face! how lovely fair
Hath Nature mix'd her wonders there!
The rosy Morn such lustre shows
Glancing along the Scythian snows.

3. Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
All heav'nly; such are angels seen
When the bright vision grows intense,
And fancy aids our feebler sense.

4. Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
With such superior majesty;
A kindling vapour might as soon
Rise from the bogs and mate the moon.
5. I'll call no Raphael from his rest;
Such charms can never be exprest:
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a shade.
6. Britain beholds her Queen with pride,
And mighty William at her side
Gracing the throne, while at their feet
With humble joy three nations meet.
7. Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, and state away,
And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen;
Her beauty would proclaim the Queen.

Epanorthosis.

8. Her guardian angel heard my song;
Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong
My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the stars and praise the skies.
9. Rudely they praise who dwell below
And heav'n's true glories never know,
Where stars and planets are no more
Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.
10. So where celestial virtues join'd
Form an incomparable mind
Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms, and air,
Stand but as shining servants there.

XVI. *On the effigies of his Royal Highness George late Prince of Denmark, and Lord High Admiral of Great Britain: made in wax, and seated at a banquet near the effigies of her late Majesty Queen Anne. All happily performed in a very near imitation of the life by Chrysis,* 1705.

So look'd the hero coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword;
So sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd life and pleas'd his sov'reign fair.
Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future Queen.
Publish the wonder, Fame; * but O! forbear
T' approach the palace and the royal ear,
Lest her impatient love and wishing eye
Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die.
Or stay; the royal mourner will believe
Her George restor'd, and so forget to grieve.
What cannot Chrysis do? those artful hands
Shall raise the hero: lo, in arms he stands!
Fairbourn and Leake † submissive shall espy
War on his brow and orders in his eye
Auspicious, just, and wise: the fleet obeys,
And the French pirates fly the British seas.

* This poem was written just after Prince George's death.

† Two British Admirals.

XVII. *Against lewdness.*

WHY should you let your wand'ring eyes
Entice your souls to shameful sin?
Scandal and ruin are the prize
You take such fatal pains to win.

2. This brutal vice makes reason blind,
And blots the name with hateful stains;
It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,
And tears the heart with racking pains.

3. Let David speak with groans
How it estrang'd his soul from God,
Made him complain of broken bones,
And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

4. Let Solomon and Samson tell
Their melancholy stories here,
How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

5. In vain you chuse the darkest time,
Nor let the sun behold the sight.
In vain you hope to hide your crime
Behind the curtains of the night.

6. The wakeful stars and midnight moon
Watch your foul deeds and know your shame,
And God's own eye like beams of noon
Strikes thro' the shade and marks your name.

What will you do when Heav'n inquires
o those scenes of secret sin,
d lust with all its guilty fires
hall make your conscience rage within?
8. How will you curse your wanton eyes,
Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
When death with horrible surprise
Shews you the pit of quenchless flame?
9. Fly sinners! fly th' unlawful bed,
Lest vengeance send you down to dwell
In the dark regions of the dead
To feed the fiercest fires of hell.

XVIII. *Against drunkenness.*

Is it not strange that ev'ry creature
Should know the measure of its thirst,
(They drink but to support their nature
And give due moisture to their dust;)
2. While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kill his soul to please his taste!
3. O what a hateful shameful sight
Are drunkards reeling thro' the street!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their shame on all they meet.

4. Is it so exquisite a pleasure
To troll down liquor thro' the throat,
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,
Till sense and reason are forgot?

5. Do they deserve th' immortal name
Of Man who sinks so far below?
Will God the Maker of their frame
Endure to see them spoil it so?

6. Can they e'er think of heav'n and grace,
Or hope for glory when they die?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
Among the shining souls on high?

7. The meanest seat is too refin'd
To entertain a drunkard there;
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind
Repent or perish in despair.

XIX. *Passion and reason.*

Let Astrapé forbear to blaze
As lightning does with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face
To arm her tongue with thunder:
That reason hardly looks divine
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way for wit to shine
By reviving sense asunder.

2. Yet if I found her words grown warm
I 'd learn some lesson by the storm,
Or guard myself at least from harm,
By yielding like Tranquillus.*
Tempests will tear the stiffest oak;
Cedars with all their pride are broke
Beneath the fury of that stroke
That never hurts the willows.

XX. *Cowardice and self-love.*

" Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
" Torrentem; nec civis erat, qui libera posset
" Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
" Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
" Solstitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ."

Juvenal.

Above lines paraphrased thus.

He never was the man that dar'd to swim
Against the rolling tide or cross the stream;
He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
Bravely to speak his sense and venture death.
Thus he spun out his supple soul, and drew
A length of life amidst a vicious crew;
Full fourscore years he saw the sun arise
Guarded by flatt'ry and intrench'd in lies;

* A gentleman of penetrating judgment and a sedate temper, husband of Astrapé.

is his settled judgment from his youth
ain of ease was worth a world of truth.
rsed idol Self!
e wretch that worships thee would dare to tread
With impious feet on his own father's head
To 'scape a rising wave when seas the land invade:
To gain the safety of some higher ground
He'd trample down the dikes that fence his country round
Amidst a gen'ral flood, and leave the nation drown'd.

XXI. *Thoughts and Meditations in a long sickness, 1712. and 1713. The hurry of the spirits in a fever and nervous disorders.*

My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
And my disease the tempest. Nature feels
A strange commotion to her inmost centre;
The throne of reason shakes. "Be still my thoughts,
"Peace and be still." In vain my reason gives
The peaceful word; my spirit strives in vain
To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal pow'rs,
Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man.
Unhappy change! when nature's meaner springs
Fir'd to impetuous ferments break all order,

When little restless atoms rise and reign
Tyrants in sov'reign uproar, and impose
Ideas on the mind, confus'd ideas
Of non-existents and impossibles,
Who can describe them? fragments of old dreams
Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
Abrupt, ill-sorted O 'tis all confusion!
If I but close my eyes strange images
In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,
Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears a
An endless medley, rush upon the stage, gh
And dance and riot wild in reason's court
Above control. I'm in a raging storm,
Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul
Like some light worthless chip of floating cork
Is tost from wave to wave: now overwhelm'd
With breaking floods I drown, and seem to lose
All being; now high-mounted on the ridge
Of a tall foaming surge I'm all at once
Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
The whistling wind, unmanageable steed
And feeble rider! hurry'd many a league
Over the rising hills of roaring brine,
Thro' airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
And infinite surprise, till some few minutes
Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow

Lodges me on the beach and I find rest:
Short rest I find, for the next rolling wave
Snatches me back again! then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I am borne off to sea
Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
Beyond the ken of shore.
Ah! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone!
When shall this weary spirit, toss'd with tempests,
Harrass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,
And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh,
With all th' irregular springs of vital movement
Ungovernable, return to sacred order,
And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

XXII. *Peace of conscience and prayer for health.*

Yet, gracious God! amidst these storms of nature
Thine eyes beheld a sweet and sacred calm
Reign thro' the realms of conscience; all within
Lies peaceful and compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,
Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,
Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light

Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm;
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.
O glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience and a God! a friend at home,
And better friend on high! this is my rock,
Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
Against infernal arrows. Rise my soul!
Put on thy courage: here 's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
" A peaceful conscience and a smiling heav'n."
My God! permit a creeping worm to say
" Thy Spirit knows I love thee." Worthless wretch,
To dare to love a God! but grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou seest my lab'ring soul:
Weak as my zeal is yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Constrains me, I am thine. Incarnate love
Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms!
Here 's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature
" I am the Lord's and he for ever mine."
O thou all-pow'rful Word, at whose first call
Nature arose, this earth, these shining heav'ns,
These stars in all their ranks came forth, and said
" We are thy servants;" didst thou not create
My fame, my breath, my being, and bestow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
Who faints before thy face? did not thy pity

Dress thée in flesh to die that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my Emanuel! say,
Have not my eyelids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confusions of my shatter'd pow'rs
And broken flutt'ring thoughts? Hast thou not seen
Each restless atom that with vexing influence
Works thro' the mass of man? each noxious juice,
Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,
And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
Thy sov'reign touch: thy touch is health, and life,
And harmony, to nature's jarring strings.
When shall my midnight sighs and morning groans
Rise thro' the heights of heav'n and reach thy ear
Propitious? See my spirit's feeble pow'rs
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne
Like early incense climbing thro' the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
Descend with blessings like an ev'ning show'r
On the parch'd desert and renew my bloom?
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans and die?
Come bless'd Physician! come attend the moan
Of a poor suff'ring wretch, a plaintive worm,

Crush'd in the dust and helpless: O descend,
Array'd in pow'r and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate Goodness, send thy influence down
To these low regions of mortality
Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly w
Learn'd sympathetic sorrows; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand pr
Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung
For the Messiah's * name: a winged flight
Of songs harmonious and new honours wait
The steps of moving mercy.

XXIII. *Encouraged to hope for health in May,*

Confin'd to sit in silence here I waste
The golden hours of youth. If once I stir
And reach at active life what sudden tremors
Shake my whole frame, and all the poor mac
Lies flutt'ring! What strange wild convulsi
O'erpow'rs at once the member and the will
Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat
That bears these limbs, a bord'rer on the gra
Poor state of worthless being! while the lam
Of glimm'ring life burns languishing and dir

* At this time my Imitation of David's
Christian language was not half done: as fa
covered strength after this long illness I appli
by degrees to finish it.

The flame just hov'ring o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alterations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with ev'ry blast.
Yet my friends would speak a word of hope:
Love would forbid despair: "Look out," they cry,
"Beyond these glooming damps, while winter hangs
"Heavy on nature and congeals her pow'rs:
"Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
"Of the returning spring?" I rouse my thoughts
At Friendship's sacred voice, I send my soul
To distant expectation, and support
The painful interval with poor amusements.
My watch, the solitary kind companion
Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch,
Hangs by, and with a short repeated sound
Beats like the pulse of Time, and numbers off
My woes, a long succession, while the finger
Slow-moving points out the slow-moving minutes,
The slower hand the hours. O thou dear engine!
Thou little brass accountant of my life!
Would but the mighty wheels of heav'n and nature
Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
Should drive thy dented pinions round their centre
With more than tenfold flight, and whirl away
These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
These midnights! ev'ry star should speed its race,
And the slow Bears precipitate their way
Around the frozen pole; then promis'd health,

That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
On a May sun-beam, should attend me home
Before to-morrow shade in ev'ning dew
Ah foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
My soul, the Pow'r that made thee? he alone
Who form'd the spheres rolls them in destin'd rounds
Unchangeable: adore, and trust, and fear him:
He is the Lord of life; address his throne,
And wait before his foot with awful hope
Submissive; at his touch distemper flies;
His eyelids send beams of immortal youth
Thro' heav'n's bright regions; his all-pow'rful word
Can create health, and bid the blessings come
Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
Congeal'd in death; or with a sov'reign frown
(Tho' nature blooms all round) he can forbid
The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
To pains and maladies, and grievous bondage,
Thro' all the circling seasons.

XXIV. *The wearisome weeks of sickness*, 1712 or 1713.

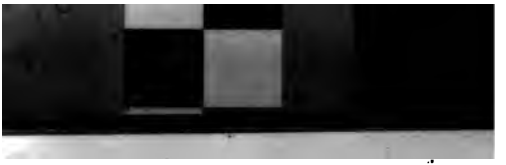
Thus pass my days away. The cheerful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams
Alas! in vain to me, cut off alike
From the bless'd labours and the joys of life,
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train

Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows.
By night I count the clock, perhaps elev'n,
Or twelve, or one; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the ling'ring hours, "Come two, come five;
"When will the daylight come?" Make haste ye mornings,
Ye ev'ning shadows haste, wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week for ever------
Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns
Sweet day of rest, devote to God and heav'n,
And heav'nly bus'ness, purposes divine,
Angelic work! but not to me returns
Rest with the day: ten thousand hurrying thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from heav'n
And heav'nly work. In vain I heave and toil,
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
O'erpow'r'd and vanquish'd still; they drag me down
From things celestial, and confine my sense
To present maladies: unhappy state!
Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
Unholy idleness, a painful absence,
And bound to bear the agonies and woes
From God and heav'n, and angels' blessed work,
The sickly flesh on shatter'd nerves impose.
How long, O Lord! how long?

XXV. *A hymn of praise for recovery.*

HAPPY for man that the slow circling moons
And long revolving seasons measure out
The tiresome pains of nature! Present woes
Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful hea
With slow approach (so Providence ordains)
Revisit their forsaken mansion here,
And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
My vital pow'rs resume their vigour now;
My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes.
Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thoug
Grasps her ideas, while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voic
Or mortal hand can render to my God
The tribute due? what altars shall I raise?
What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines? where shall I find a victim
Meet to be offer'd to his sov'reign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy?
Search well my soul thro' all the dark recesses
Of nature and self-love, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flatt'ry hides our sins; search out the foes
Of thy almighty Friend; what lawless passions,

What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought,
Lurk there unheeded; bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
Well he deserves this worship at thy hands
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mould'ring fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.
  Almighty Pow'r! I love thee, blissful Name!
My healer God; and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul,
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heav'nly pity deaf
To mortal cries: it notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, and wise delay,
Tho' painful to the suff'rer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.
  Rise from my couch ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and shew th' effective skill
Of the divine Physician; bear away
This tott'ring body to his sacred threshold;
There laden with his honours let me bow
Before his feet, let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation, thro' his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name:
Then rise my hymning soul in holy notes



Tow'rd his high throne; awake my choicest songs,
Run echoing round the roof, and while you play
The solemn vows of my distressful hours
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.
'Jesus! great Advocate, whose plying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
And pow'rful intercession spread it my vows
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense
Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
And bring these accents grateful to his ear:
My heart and life, my lips and ev'ry pow'r,
Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote
By thy bless'd hands an off'ring to his name.
Amen, hallelujah.

XXVI. *Devotional writings.*

HAIL Hebrew Psalmist-king! hail happy hour!
I see, I hear, I feel, the sov'reign Pow'r
Of language so devout. Th' immortal sound
Thrills thro' my vitals with a pleasing wound,
And mortal passions die. Devotion reigns,
Earth disappears, her mountains and her plains;
I soar, I pray, I praise, in David's heav'nly strains.
Here thoughts divine, in living words exprest,
Pour'd out and copy'd glowing from the breast

Spread o'er the sacred page: what eye, what heart,
Can read the rapture and not bear its part
In holy elevation?
Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
Gives the same passions, spreads the fire divine,
And kindles all the reader. See him rise
On wings of ecstasy, shoot thro' the skies,
And mix with angels: hail ye choirs above,
Where all is holy joy, where all is heav'nly love.
If sins review'd in trickling sorrows flow,
The page conveys the penitential woe
And strikes the inmost spirit; conscience hears
The words of anguish and dissolves in tears;
Ev'n iron souls relent, and hearts of stone
Burst at these mournings and repeat the groan:
God and his pow'r are there.

XXVII. *An elegy on Sophronia, who died of the small-pox 1711. Sophron is introduced speaking.*

Forbear my friends! forbear, and ask no more
Where all my cheerful airs are fled:
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.
2. Deep from my soul mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes;
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

3. Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
With tumors of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the veil.

4. Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please,
And Beauty spread her ensigns there?

5. I was all love and she was all delight.
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

6. Yet still Sophronia pleas'd; nor time nor ca
Could take her youthful bloom away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

7. Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth;
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

8. Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew
And angels' food were her repast;
Devotion was her work, and thence she drew
Delights which strangers never taste.

9. Not the gay splendours of a flatt'ring court
Could tempt her to appear and shine:
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort;
But I was blest, and she was mine.

10. Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung;
Her smiles could all my pains controul;
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

11. She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
Love grew with ev'ry waning moon:
Had Heav'n a length of years delay'd its call
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

12. But peace my sorrows! nor with murm'ring voice
Dare to accuse Heav'n's high decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
Sophron, she waits above for thee.

XXVIII. *An elegy on the much lamented death of Mrs. Elizabeth Bury, late wife of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Bury of Bristol, annexed to some Memoirs of her life drawn up by him, but collected out of her own papers.*

She must ascend; her treasure lies on high,
And there her heart is: bear her thro' the sky
On wings of harmony ye sons of light!
And with surrounding shields protect her flight;
Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose
For yon' bright world; she 'll learn them as she goes;
The sense was known before. Those sacred themes,
The God, the Saviour, and the flowing streams
That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heav'n, and wash'd a world from sin;

The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest grace!
These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
These were the joy and labour of her tongue.
In our dark regions; these exalted strains
Brought Paradise to earth and sooth'd her pains.
"Souls made of pious harmony and love
"Can be no strangers to their work above."
But must we lose her hence? The Muse in pain
Regrets her flight and calls the saint again.
Stay gentle spirit! stay. Can nature find
No charms to hold the once-unfetter'd mind?
Must all those virtues all those graces soar
Far from our sight and bless the earth no more?
Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,
For ever lost to all the sons of Time?
O no! she is not lost; behold her here;
How just the form! how soft the lines appear!
The features of her soul without disguise
Drawn by her own bless'd pen; a sweet surprise
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece and wash'd it o'er with tears,
Dress'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.
Daughters of Eve! come trace these heav'nly lines,
Feel with what pow'r the bright example shines:
She was what you should be. Young virgins come,
Drop a kind tear and dress you at her tomb:

Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaste, yet free, the cheerful, yet sedate:
Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
And rich in solid learning more than show,
With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human graces and divine,
Reign'd in her breast and held a pleasing strife
Thro' ev'ry shifting scene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.
Attend her hints ye sages of the schools,
And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to address the ear
With conqu'ring suasion or reproof severe,
And still without offence. Thrice happy soul!
That could our passions and her own control;
Could wield and govern that unruly train,
Sense, Fancy, Pleasure, Fear, Grief, Hope, and Pain,
And live sublimely good! Behold her move
Thro' earth's rude scenes yet point her thoughts above.
" Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
" And nature feels it painful not to rise."

Ye venerable tribes of holy men
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew
To make life happy and resign it too.
The soul that oft' had walk'd th' ethereal road
Pleas'd with her summons took her farewell flight to God.
But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours paint
Th' immortal passions of th' expiring saint.
What beams of joy, angelic airs, arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle thro' her eyes
In that dark hour! how all serene she lay
Beneath the op'nings of celestial day!
Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within,
Then in a secret calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd she smil'd in death.
O may some pious friend who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeless lips such heav'nly smiles are seen.

September 29, 1720.

XIX. *An elegiac ode on the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Knight and Alderman of London, February* 6, 1721-2, *in the* 83*d year of his age, affixed to some Memoirs of his life, and inscribed to the Lady Abney.*

A soliloquy, or mourning meditation.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
"Tam chari captis? praecipe lugubres
"Cantus Melpomene.
"Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor
"Urget? Cui pudor et Justitiæ soror
"Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
"Quando ullum invenient parem?" *Horace.*

PART I.

His private life.

Abney expires; a gen'ral groan
Sounds thro' the house. How must a friend behave
Where death and grief have rais'd their throne,
And the sad chambers seem th'apartments of the grave?
2. Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of mourners wailing o'er the dear deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd?
3. I mourn by turns and comfort too;
He that can feel can ease another's smart;

3. 'Twas heav'nly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold:
His looks with sacred justice shine
Beyond the scarlet honours of the wreathen gold.
4. Truth, freedom, courage, prudence, stood
Attending when he fill'd the solemn chair;
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were there.
5. He sign'd their doom with steady hand,
Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll;
He† punish'd to reform the land,
With terror on his brow and mercy in his soul.
6. His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet:
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and reverence greet him thro' the crowded street.

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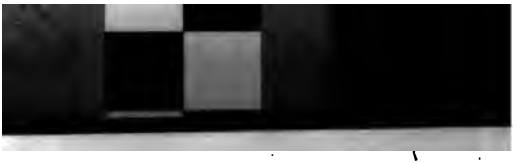
* -----Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis et abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.
-----Bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili, et
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu---------- *Horace.*

† Qui quærit Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civium------ *Horace.*

7. Godlike he liv'd and acted here,
Loving unseen and still sublimely great,
Yet when his country claim'd his care
Descending he appeared, and bore the pomp of state.
8. He more than once oblig'd the throne
And sav'd the nation, yet he shunn'd the fame,
Careless to make his merit known. [name,
The Christian hath enough that Heav'n records his
9. His humble soul convers'd on high;
Heav'n was his hope, his rest, his native home:
His treasures lay above the sky;
Much he possest on earth, but more in worlds to come.
10. With silent steps he trac'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode,
Nor would he ask a moment's stay,
Nor make the convoy wait that call'd his soul to God.
11. See the good man with head reclin'd
And peaceful heart resign his precious breath;
No guilty thoughts oppress his mind;
Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.
12. Laden with honours and with years
His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray,
And while he ends his race appears
Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.
13. Spent with the toil of busy hours
Nature retir'd and life sunk down to sleep:
Come dress the bed with fadeless flow'rs,
Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.



14. The heart of ev'ry Briton rears
A monument to Abney's spotless fame;
The pencil faints, the Muse despairs;
His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

Sic cecinit marens,
Inter Mœrores domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus.

XXX. DEATH AND HEAVEN,

IN FIVE LYRIC ODES.

Ode I. The spirits' farewell to the body after long sickness

How am I held a pris'ner now,
Far from my God! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow: all below
Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

2. When shall that wondrous hour appear
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?

3. Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind,
My God! nor let this frame arise
Till ev'ry dust be well refin'd.

4. Jesus! who mak'st our natures whole,
Mould me a body like thy own,
Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

Ode II. *The departing moment, or absent from the body.*

Absent from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
From pains and tears, and all their springs.

2. Absent from flesh; illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3. Absent from flesh! then rise my soul!
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4. I go where God and glory shine;
His presence makes eternal day;
My all that 's mortal I resign,
For Uriel waits and points my way.

Ode III. *Entrance into Paradise, or present with the Lord.*

And is this heav'n? and am I there?
How short the road, how swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jesus is here---my soul's delight.

2. Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?
3. How fair, thou Offspring of my God?
Thou first-born Image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.
4. Lo, he presents me at the throne
A [illegible] where the Godhead reigns
[illegible] peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake my voice in heav'nly strains.

Ode IV. The sight of God in heaven.

Creator-God, eternal Light,
[illegible] good, tremendous Pow'r,
[illegible] wonders, blissful sight,
[illegible] and love unknown before!
2. Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
[illegible] region whence I came,
[illegible] glimpses from thy throne
[illegible] teach thy name.
[illegible] world where all is new;
[illegible] amaze!
[illegible] knew
[illegible] of this grace.

4. Fix'd on my God my heart adore,
My restless thoughts forbear to rove,
Ye meaner passions stir no more,
But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

Ode V. *A funeral ode at the interment of the body, supposed to be sung by the mourners.*

UNVEIL thy bosom faithful tomb
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose.

3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Past thro' the grave and blest the bed:
Rest here fair Saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4. Break from his throne illustrious morn,
Attend O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
She must ascend to meet her Lord.

XXXI. *On the coronation of their Majesties King George II. and Queen Caroline, October 11, 1727.*

"ERGO armis invicte heros age: fortibus apta
"Ensem humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram.

2. Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

3. How fair, thou Offspring of my God?
Thou first-born Image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4. Lo! he presents me at the throne
All spotless; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake my voice in heav'nly strains.

Ode IV. *The sight of God in heaven.*

Creator-God, eternal Light,
Fountain of good, tremendous Pow'r,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight,
Beauty and love unknown before!

2. Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
In yon' dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpses from thy throne
And feeble whispers teach thy name.

3. I 'm in a world where all is new;
Myself, my God; O blest amaze!
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
To form a shadow of this grace.

4. Fix'd on my God my heart adore,
My restless thoughts forbear to rove,
Ye meaner passions stir no more,
But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

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XXXI. *On the coronation of their Majesties King George II. and Queen Caroline, October 11, 1727.*

"ERGO armis invicte heros age: fortibus apta
"Ensem humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram,

" Dum regis, et leges molli clementer acerbas.
" Te super æquævos omnes regnator Olympi
" Diligit, et læto vultum exhilaravit olivo;
" Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,
" Transmittetque tuam longæva in sæcula famam.
" En regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,
" Auro picte sinus, auro radiata capillos;
" Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis et auro:
" At facies cultum illustrat, facieque decorâ
" Pulchrior est animus. *Buchan.*

The coronation day, an ode.

Rise happy morn, fair sun arise,
Shed radiant gold around the skies,
And rich in beams and blessings shine
Profuse on George and Caroline.

2. Illustrious pair! no tear to-day
Bedew the royal parent's clay!
'Tis George the blest remounts the throne
With double vigour in his son.

3. Lo! the majestic form appears
Sparkling in life and manly years,
The kingdom's pride the nation's choice,
And Heav'n approves Britannia's voice.

4. Monarch! assume thy pow'rs, and stand
The guardian hero of our land;
Let Albion's sons thy style proclaim,
And distant realms revere thy name.

5. Bear on thy brows th' imperial crown;
Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
A thousand gems of lustre shed
Their lights and honours round thy head.
6. Lift up the rod of majesty *
The foes of God and man shall fly;
Vice with her execrable band
Shakes at the sword in George's hand.
7. Law, Justice, Valour, Mercy, ride
In arms of triumph at his side,
And each celestial grace is seen
In milder glories round the Queen.
8. Hail, royal fair! divinely wise!
Not Austrian crowns † could tempt thy eyes
To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain
When Cæsar sigh'd and lov'd in vain.
9. But Heav'n provides a rich reward;
George is thy lover and thy lord:
The British Lion bears thy fame
Where Austrian Eagles have no name.
10. See the fair train of princes near:
Come Frederick, royal youth, appear
And grace the day. Shall foreign ‡ charms
Still hold thee from thy country's arms?

* The sceptre. † Archducal and imperial.

‡ That ingenious device of the figures of Great Britain and the Protestant religion attending her Majesty on her coronation medal, with the motto *Hic amor, hæc patria*, may support and justify these expressions.

11. Britain, thy country? Prince, arise
The morning-star to gild our skies;
(O may no cloud thy lustre stain;)
Come, lead along the shining train

12. Each in parental virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a nation bless'd,
What kings what heroes yet ungrown
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne!

13. Mark that young branch * of rising fame,
Proud of our great Deliv'rer's name;
He promises in infant bloom
To scourge some tyrant pow'r of Rome.

14. Bloom on, fair stem! each flow'r that blows
Adds new despair to Albion's foes
And kills their hearts: O glorious view
Of joys for Albion ever new!

15. Religion, Duty, Truth, and Love,
In ranks of honours shine and move;
Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud, and Spite,
Retire and hide in caves of night.

16. Europe! behold th' amazing scene;
Empire and Liberty convene
To join their joys and wishes here
While Rome and hell consent to fear.

17. Eternal God! whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command thy choicest favours down
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

* Prince William.

18. Come, light divine and grace unknown!
Come, aid the labours of the throne;
Let Britain's Golden Ages run
In circles lasting as the sun.
19. Bid some bright legion from the sky
Assist the glad solemnity:
Ye hosts that wait on fav'rite kings
Wave your broad swords and clap your wings;
20. Then rise, and to your realms convey
The glorious tidings of the day:
Great William shall rejoice to know
That George the second reigns below.

XXXII. *A loyal wish on her Majesty's birth-day, March 1, commonly called St. David's day.*

Borrowed from Psalm CXXXII. 10, 11.

SILENCE, ye nations, Israel hear!
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,
"Train up thy sons to learn my fear
"And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn:
"Theirs be the royal honours thou hast won
"Long as the starry wheels of nature run;
"Nature be thou my pledge, my witness be the sun."
2. Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
May George the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies
To put the fav'rite name in David's room.

Fair Carolina! join thy pious cares
To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
And be the British crown with endless honour t

XXXIII. *Piety in a court. To Philomela.*

"The court's a golden but a fatal circle,
"Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
"In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
"And beckon early virtue from its centre."

This description of a court gave occasion to the follo
quiries.

Is there a lovely soul so much divine
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
On this enchanted spot of treach'rous ground,
Nor give her virtue nor her frame a wound?

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
That pomp nor feeds her sense nor fires the mi
That soars above the globe with high disdain,
While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her b
Love's wanton fires and die beneath her scorn?

Is there a soul at court that seeks the grove
Or lonely hill to muse on heav'nly love,
And when to crowds and state her hour descends
She keeps her conscience and her God her friends?

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
Wing'd with devotion thro' meridian night,
Near heav'n's high portal?---Angels, speak her name,
Consign Eusebia to celestial fame,
While Philomel in language like your own
To mortal ears makes her young vict'ries known;
Let Raphael to the skies her honours sing
And triumphs daily new; with friendly wing
Gabriel in arms attend her thro' the field
Of sacred war, and Mercy be her shield,
While with unsully'd charms she makes her way
Thro' scenes of dang'rous life to realms of endless day.

XXXIV. *A rural meditation.*

Here in the tuneful groves and flow'ry fields
Nature a thousand various beauties yields;
The daisy and tall cowslip we behold
Array'd in showy white or freckled gold.
The verdant prospect cherishes our sight,
Affording joy unmix'd and calm delight;
The forest walks and venerable shade,
Wide-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glade,

With a religious awe our souls inspire,
And to the heav'ns our raptur'd thoughts aspire,
To him who sits in majesty on high,
Who turn'd the starry arches of the sky,
Whose word ordain'd the silver Thames to flow,
Rais'd all the hills and laid the vallies low,
Who taught the nightingale in shades to sing,
And bid the skylark warble on the wing,
Makes the young steer obedient till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker's hand,
Calms the rough sea and stills the raging wind,
And rules the passions of the human mind.

XXXV. *A penitential thought.*

Can I then grieve for ev'ry wretch's woe,
And weep if I but hear a tale of sorrow?
Say can I share in ev'ry one's affliction,
Yet still remain thus stupid to my own?
Is then my heart to all the world beside
Softer than melting wax or summer snow
But to myself harder than adamant?
Can I behold the ruin sin has made,
And feel God's image in my soul defac'd,
Nor heave a sigh nor drop a pitying tear
At my sad fate, nor lift my eyes to Heav'n
For aid against the flatt'ries of the world,
The wiles of Satan and the joys of sense?

Ye me, ye springs, O give me, all your streams
That I may weep, nor thus with stupid gaze
Behold my ruin like a wretch enchanted,
Whose faculties are bound with pow'rful charms,
To some accursed spot of earth confin'd.
Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
To heave my bosom with continu'd sighs—
Teach me, ye wood-doves, your complaining note
To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,
My headstrong will, and ev'ry sinful thought.
In silent shades retir'd I long to dwell,
Far from the tumults of the busy world,
And all the sounds of mirth and clam'rous joy,
Till ev'ry stormy passion is subdu'd,
And God has full possession of my soul,
Till all my wishes centre in his will
And I no more am fetter'd to the world,
Till all the bus'ness of my life is praise,
And my full heart o'erflows with heav'nly love,
While all created beauties lose their charms,
And God is all in all.

XXXVI. *A midnight hymn.*

To thee, all-glorious ever-blessed Pow'r,
I consecrate this silent midnight hour.
While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumbers lie,

let me praise thy holy name,
'ought with gratitude inflame,
i mercies which thy hands impart,
:y flesh and comfort to my heart,
pray'rs before thy throne arise,
but accepted sacrifice!
thou shalt my weary eyelids close,
body grant a soft repose,
'ereal Guardian kindly spread
and from the tempter screen my head!
iestial light some piercing beams
/ sleep and sanctify my dreams.

XXVII. *The dying Christian's hope.*

it and sinking to the shades of death
pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
soul by some blest foretaste know
deliver'd from eternal woe!
n Christ dispel each gloomy fear,
ts like these my drooping spirits cheer!
my sins are of a crimson stain?
r's blood can wash me white again;
ous as the twinkling stars they be,
ing the margin of the sea,
h pebbles on some beachy shore,
s of th' Almighty still are more;

He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
Sees all my fears and listens to my cries!
He knows the frailty of each human breast,
What passions our unguarded hearts molest,
And for the sake of his dear dying Son
Will pardon all the ills that I have done.
Arm'd with so bright a hope I shall not fear
To see my death hourly approach more near,
By my faith strength'ning as my life decays
My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

Several Epigrams, Inscriptions, and Fragments of poesy.

XXXVIII. *The preface of a letter written August* 1693

E'er since the morning of that day
Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
And rolling wheels bore me away
Far from my native town and you,
E'er since I lost thro' distant place
The pleasures of a parent's face,
This is the first whose language sues
For your release from waxen bands,
Laden with humble love it bows
To kiss a welcome from your hands;
Accept the duty which it brings,
And pardon its delaying wings.

XXXIX. *The sun in eclipse. To Horatio.*

Now, now 'tis just at hand-----
Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,
Rolls down the hill and meets his sister's rage;
Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
And join fierce combat with his brother sun.
The gentle monarch of the azure plain
Still paints and silvers her rebellious wain, [vain.
And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires in
Th' ungrateful planet does as fast requite
Th' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light
With an impetuous deluge of her resistless night.
His flaming coursers toss their raging heads,
And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades;
Their eyeballs flash, their brazen bellows puff
And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkness off;
In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
Night spreads her banners o'er the wond'ring skies.
Say, peaceful Muse, what fury did excite
The kindred stars to this prodigious fight?
Are these the rules of Nature? will the skies
Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise?
What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth?
What plagues what wars just bursting into birth?
Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears;

Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs,
Monarchs grow pale and tremble for their crowns;
Vain dreams of mortal weakness!
Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,
Who searcheth all that's deep and all that's high;
Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws
Of Heav'n, and bring to light th' eternal cause
Of present darkness, &c.

Southampton, June 16, 5.

XL. *In a letter to Marinda, speaking concerning our blessed Savi ur.*

Let your immortal thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with ev'ry grace,
Jesus! the wonder of the skies,
The great the meek, the lovely and the wise
The joy and glory of the place.
Here angels fix their gazing sight,
Here saints releas'd from earth and sin
Dwell on his face divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intense delight,
And with advancing lustre shine.

XLI. *Stanzas to Lady Sunderland at Tunbridge-wells,* 1712

Fair nymph! ascend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone;
Let fav'rites take thy lower sphere,
Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of Beauty, built sublime,
Defies all pow'rs but thine and Time;
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field nor Ister's flood,
Nor standards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's house than Spenser's face;

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning strikes with less surprise
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; she enslaves the mind:
We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqu'ror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns th' inimitable fair.

XLI. *The inscriptions on several French pictures, translated.*

Angelica singing.

WHAT! musie and devotion too?
This is the bus'ness angels do:
When hearts, and hymns, and voices join
It makes the pleasant work divine.

Chloris stringing of pearls.

VIRTUE and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

Phyllis playing with a parrot.

IF women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind
Believe me Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

Claudina the cook-maid.

THE cook who in her humble post
Provides the family with food
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.

Florella singing to her harp.

FLORELLA sings and plays so well
Which she doth best is hard to tell;
But 'tis a poor account to say
All she can do is sing and play.

Amaryllis spinning.

O WHAT a pretty spinner's here!
How sweet her looks, how neat her linen!
If Love and Youth came both to see her
Youth wou'd at once set Love a-spinning.

Dorinda sewing.

WE stand expos'd to ev'ry sin
While idle and without employ,
But bus'ness holds our passions in
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

Iris suckling three lap-dogs.

FOND foolish woman! while you nurse
Those puppies at your breast
Your name and credit fares the worse
For ev'ry drop they taste.
Iris! for shame these brutes remove,
And better learn to place your love.

Pomona the market-maid.

VIRTUE adorns her soul within,
Her homely garb is ever clean;
Such innocence disdaining art
Gives love an honourable dart.

XLIII. *Inscriptions on dials.*

Written on a sun-dial in a circle.

"SIC petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
"Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
"Secula sic fugient, sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum
"Donec stelligerum clauserit una dies."

Afterwards turned into English.

THUS steal the silent hours away,
The sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
And men to mingle with their clay;
Thus light and shade divide the year,
Thus till the last great day appear
And shut the starry theatre.

Another.

SO slide the hours, so wears the day,
These moments measure life away,

Where all is scenes of hope and fear,
The shifting scenes of shade and light
Rise to eternal day or sink in endless night,
Where all is joy or all despair.

On a ceiling dial, usually called a spot-dial, made at a watch window at Theobalds.

Little sun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving ever stealing
Moments, minutes, hours, away,
May no shade forbid thy shining
While the heav'nly sun declining
Calls us to improve the day.

Another for a spot-dial.

Shining spot, but ever sliding,
Brightest hours have no abiding;
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting,
Death consigns to heav'n or hell.

Another.

See the little day-star moving;
Life and time are worth improving;
Seize the moments while they stay,
Seize and use them
Lest you lose them
And lament the wasted day.

Other mottos on dials.

" Festinat suprema.
" Proxima non nostra est.
" Vehimur properantibus horis
" Ad cœlum aut erebum.
" Sic imus ad atria lucis
" Aut umbras erebi.

XLIV. *Inscriptions on portraits.*

The lines under Dr. Owen's picture, written by himself.

" Umbra referet fragiles dederint quas cura doloique
" Reliquias, studis assiduusque labor.
" Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri
" Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt."

Englished thus.

Behold the shade, the frail remains
Of sickness, cares, and studious pains.
The mind in humble posture waits
At sacred Truth's celestial gates,
And keeps those bounds with holy fear,
While he who gave it sees it there.

XLV. *Various mottos for an effigy.*

1.

" Do tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet umbra
" Quod modò pulvis erat, quod citò pulvis erit.

" Mens donata deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
" Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.
" Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas:
" Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
" Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, mundus, valete:
" Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia Christus erit.

II.

" In Christo mea vita latet: mea gloria Christus:
" Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago tacet.
" In uno Jesu omnia.

III.

Τὰ ἄνω ζητοῦμεν,
Seeking the things above.
Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ.
And speaking truth and love.

IV.

" Est mihi Christus vivere, et lucrum mori.

V.

Χριστὸς ἐμοὶ τὸ ζῆν. Κέρδος ἐμοὶ τὸ θανεῖν.

VI.

" Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jes
" Sequitur, non assequitur.

XLVI. EPIGRAMS.

1. *In virum maris meridionalis thesauri incrementum, Anno* 1720.

"EXORTA è medio jam fortitèr aura popello
" Spirat in Australes fructus: Argentea spuma
" Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
" Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit undique turba
" Mercantûm, in cœlum aspirans: Summa æquora
" Certiam scandunt, et se mirantur in astris: [nautæ
" Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
" Crœsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge stuctus,
" Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,
" Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,
" Rex brevis. Heu! simulac subsiderit aura popelli
" Unda jacet; montes pereunt; evanida regna;
" Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina * vorago."

2. *On the wondrous rise of the South-sea stock,* 1720.

'TIS said the citizens have sold
Faith, truth, and trade, for South-sea gold;
'Tis false, for those that know can swear
" All is not gold that glisters there."

* Alii legendum vellent mortimerina.

III. *Inscribendum maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio, sive Officinæ.*

" Quisquis es, huc intra, cui crescere nummulus ardet
" Cuive crumena gravis nimus est: hic gaza paratur
" Amplia magis, sed onusta minus; centena talenta
" Australi videas cuncta ter triplicata sub undâ;
" Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis,
" Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
" Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti,
" Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma,
" Aeriæq. arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.
" Vel si brevior inscriptio magis arridet.
" ——Non omne quod hic micat aurum est."

April 6, 1720.

IV. *Sabino and her companions travelling together to see fine buildings and gardens.*

WHILE round the gardens and the groves
Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,
Let ev'ry tree yield knowledge too
Safer than that in Eden grew,
Where your own mother Eve found poison in the fruit.

V. *The same.*

GO, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the tow'ring seat,

The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;
Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek and paint it gay,
When Death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale and [cold?

VI. *The same.*

In vain to search the verdant scenes,
The shaded walks the flow'ry greens,
The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be found:
You search for bliss where 'twill not grow;
There is no Paradise below
Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the ground.

VII. *Ratio, Fides, Charitas.*

"RECTA fidem ratio juvat: alma fides rationem
"Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant."

Idem.

"ET ratio fidei est, et amica fides rationi:
"At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor."

XLVII. EPITAPHS.

1. *An inscription on a monumental stone in Chessbunt church in Hertfordshire, in memory of Thomas Pickard, Esq. citizen of London, who died suddenly, Jan. 29, A. D. 1719. Æt. 50.*

A SOUL prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons come the saint obeys:

los'd his ey...
flesh re ts here till Jesus
d claims the treasure from the tomb.

. *On the grave-stone of Mr. John May, a young student in divinity, who died after a lingering and painful sickness, and was burried in Cheshunt churchyard in Hertfordshire.*

So sleep the saints and cease to groan
When sin and death have done their worst:
Christ hath a glory like his own
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

III. *Written for a grave-stone of a near relation.*

In faith she dy'd, in dust she lies,
But faith foresees that dust shall rise
... Jesus calls, while hope assumes
... among the tombs.

IV. *To the pious memory of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Han of London, who died April 17, 1729. Æt. 30.*

An epitaph.

HERE lie the ruins of a lowly tent
Where the seraphic soul of Harvey spent
Its mortal years. How did his genius shine
Like Heav'n's bright envoy, clad in Pow'rs divine!
When from his lips the grace or vengeance broke,
'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.
What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!
Too strait the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
Zeal like a flame shot from the realms of day
Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,
And bears the saint up thro' the starry road
Triumphant; so Elijah went to God.
What happy Prophet shall his mantle find,
Heir to the double portion of his mind?

Sic musa jam veterascenti
Inter justissimos amicorum et ecclesiæ
Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.

I. *An epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Matthew Clarke.*

M. S.

"IN hoc sepulchro conditur
"MATTHÆUS CLARKE,
"Patris venerandi filius cognominis,
"nec ipse minùs venerandus:

" Literis sacris et humanis
" à primâ ætate incumbens:
" Linguarum scientissimus:
" In munere concionatorio
" eximus, operosus et felix:
" In officio pastorali
" fidelis et vigilans:
" Inter theologorum dissidia
" moderatus et pacificus:
" Ad omnia pietatis munia
" Promptus semper et alacris:
" Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
" inter præstantissimos:
" Erga omnes hominum ordines
" egregiè benevolus.
" Quas verò inumeras invicta modestia dotes
" Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
" Est tumulo concessa: sed olim marmore rapto
" Ostendet ventura dies; præconia cœli
" Narrabunt; judex agnoscet, et omnia plaudent.
" Abi, viator, ubicunq. terrarum fueris,
" hæc audies.
" Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664.
" Obiit Londini, 27 die Martii 1726.
" Ætat. suæ 62.
" Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

In English thus.

SACRED to memory,
In this sepulchre lies bury'd
MATTHEW CLARKE,
A son bearing the name
of his venerable father,
nor less venerable himself:
Train'd up from his youngest years
in sacred and human learning:
Very skilful in the languages:
In the gift of preaching
excellent, laborious, and successful:
In the pastoral office
faithful and vigilant:
Among the controversies of divines
moderate always and pacific:
Ever ready for all the duties of piety:
Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
he had few equals:
And his carriage towards all mankind was
eminently benevolent.
But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
The veil of modesty no human mind
Can search, no friend declare, nor fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful marble pow'r to tell;
Yet there's a hast'ning hour; it comes, it comes,
To rouse the sleeping dead to burst the tombs,

nt in view. All eyes behold,
t records of the skies unroll'd
works and spread his worth abroad;
pproves, and heav'n and earth applaud. 3
, and wheresoe'er
ing feet shall rest
ands thy ear shall hear
pronounc'd and blest.

is born in Leicestershire in the year 165
le died at London March 27, 1726,
Aged sixty-two years,
Much beloved and much lamented.

An epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Edward Br

" Hoc marmore commemoratur
" Vir in sacris supra socios peritus
" Nec in literis humanis minùs scie
" Rebus divinis à primâ ætate dedi
" Vertatis liberè studiosus,
" Fidei Christianæ strenuus asse
" Et pietate nulli secundus
" Concionator eximus,
" Ratione, suadelâ eloquio po
" Pastor erga gregem sibi com
" Vigil, et sollicitus penè supr
" Moribus facilis, vitâ ben
" Omnigenæ charitatis ex

" Mille virtutibus instructus
" Quas sacra celavit modestia;
" Sed non usque celabuntur:
" I lector, et expecta diem
" Quâ cœlo terrisque simul innotescet
" Qualis et quantus fuit
" EDVARDUS BRIDDHURST.
" Agro Derbiensi natus est, A. D. 691.
Birmingamiæ defunctus Julii die 21, 1730.
Animam ad superos avolantem
Ecclesia militans luget,
Triumphans plaudit,
Suscipit Christus, agnoscit Deus.
" Euge, fidelis serve."

Done into English by another hand.

THIS marble calls to our remembrance
A person of superior skill in divinity,
Nor less acquainted with human literature:
Inclined from his infancy to things sacred,
An impartial inquirer after truth,
An able defender of the Christian faith,
A truly pious and devout man:
A preacher that excelled
In force of reason and art of persuasion:
A pastor vigilant beyond his strength
Over the flock committed to his charge:

Of courteous behaviour and beneficent life:
A pattern of charity in all its branches:
A man adorn'd with many virtues,
Conceal'd under a veil of modesty,
But shall not for ever be conceal'd.
Go, reader, expect the day
When heav'n and earth at once shall know
How deserving a person
Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST was.
He was born in Derbyshire 1691.
Died at Birmingham July 21, 1739.
His soul ascending to the blest above,
The church on earth bemoans,
The church triumphant congratulates,
Is receiv'd by Christ, approv'd of God;
"Well done good and faithful servant."

VII. *The following epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton was*
posed by my worthy friend Mr. John Eames, with
decorations added at his request.

"HIC sepultus est
"ISAACUS NEWTONUS,
"Eques auratus,
"Moribus verè antiquis, sanctissim
"Qui nec inter atheos Dei cultu
"Nec inter philosophos Christi fi
"Erubuit.

" Ingenio supra hominum sortem sagaci,
" Mathesin immane quantum adauxit ditavitq
" Quâ juvante
" Naturæ, quaquà patet, motus et vires
" Cœlo, terrâ, mariq. examussim dimensus es
" Perplexos vagantis lunæ circuitus
" Strictis cancellis solus coercuit:
" Oceani fluentis refluiq. leges æthereas
" Terricolis notas fecit;
" Temporisq. metas
" A multis retrò seculis vagas et erroneas
" Certis astrorum periodis alligavit, fixi que
" Quales in semitas
" Vi gravitatis flectuntur cometæ,
" Advenæ, profugi, reducesve, monstravit.
" Pallidumque eorum jubar
" Beneficum potius quam ferale,
" Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
" Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem,
" Variegatæ simplicem,
" Colorum sc. miram theoriam
" Primus et denitùs explioravit.
" Fidis experimentis, non fictis hypothesibus, inr
" Scientiæ humanæ limites,
" Ultra quam fas erat mortalibus sperare,
" Proprio marte promovit,
" Posterisque ulteriùs promovendos
" Nostrum super æthera scandens

" Monuit et indigitavit.
" Vale, cœlestis anima,
" Seculi gentisque tuæ lumen ingens
" Ac ingens desiderium,
" Generis humani decus, vale."

XLVIII. *A dying world and a durable heaven.*

All born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe and changes all its scenes;
Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing,
But Heav'n defies its pow'r; there angels sing.
Immortal to that world direct thy sight
My soul, ethereal born, and thither aim thy flight:
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy
Unknown on earth shall the full soul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies,
Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes.
The sun still travels his illustrious round
While ages bury ages under ground;
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor glitters and still Sirius* burns.
Light reigns thro' worlds above and life with all her springs,
Yet man lies grov'ling on the earth,
The soul forgets its heav'nly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her wings.

* The morning-star and the dog-star.

1. When death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.

2. The silent Christian speaks for God,
With courage owns his name,
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad;
The zeal subdues the shame.

3. Lord! shall my soul again conceal
Her faith if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal
And quench th' ethereal fire?

4. O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heav'n in view,
Lest if my zeal and courage sleep
My lips grow silent too!

XLIX. *The rewards of poesy.*

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

Muse, 'tis enough that in the fairy bow'rs
My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours
Attending thy vagaries in pursuit
Of painted blossoms or enchanted fruit.
Forbear to tease my riper age; 'tis hard
To be a slave so long and find so small reward.

Have lost their names? 'tis sov'reign wit has bought
This deathless glory: this the wise have thought
Prodigious recompense----------
DAM. ---------Prodigious fools!
To think the hum and buzz of paltry schools
And awkward tones of boys are prizes meet
For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!
Rise from thy long repose old Homer's ghost!
Horace, arise! are these the palms you boast
For your victorious verse? Great poets tell,
Can echoes of a name reward you well
For labours so sublime? or have you found
Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?
THAL. Yes, their sweet slumbers guarded by my wing
Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal spring
Of bubbling praises from th' Aonian hill,
Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
To ev'ry kindred urn, and thine shall share
These purling blessings under hallow'd air;
The poets' dreams in death are still the Muses' care.
DAM. Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth,
Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth;
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream;
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead,
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?
THAL. Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep
My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,

And cheer thy silent tomb, the glow-worm shine
With ev'ning lamp to mark which earth is thine,
While midnight Fairies tripping round thy bed
Collect a moonbeam glory for thy head;
Fair Hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,
And living ivy creep about thy urn.
Sweet violets scent the ground while laurels throw
Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below, [brow.
And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's
DAM. Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first;
Ah wretched trifler! to array my dust
In thy green flow'ry forms and think the payment
Poor is my gain should nations join to praise, [just!
And now must chirping birds reward my lays?
What! shall the travels of my soul be paid
With glow-worm light and with a leafy shade,
Violets and creeping ivies? is this all
The Muse can promise, or the poet call
His glorious hope and joy?--------
Are these the honours of thy fav'rite sons,
To have their flesh, their limbs, their mould'ring bones,
Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,
Which the foul carcass of a dog might do,
Or any vile manure? Away, begone!
Tempt me no more, I now renounce thy throne;
My indignation swells Here fetch me fire,
Bring me my odes, the labours of the lyre;
I doom them all to ashes--------
URAN. Rash man! restrain thy wrath, these odes are
is thy right in gift so much divine. [mine.

Was it thy skill that to a Saviour's name
Strung David's harp, and drew th' illustrious theme
From smoking altars and a bleeding Lamb?
Who form'd thy sounding shell? who fix'd the strings,
Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?
Was 't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high?
And they must live till time and nature die.
Here heav'n and virtue reign; here joy and love
Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove,
And train up mortals for the thrones above;
Sinners shall start, and struck with dread divine
Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line,
Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past,
Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste
The sweets of pious hope: Emanuel's blood
Flows in the verse and seals the pardon good:
Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart
Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.
Youth shall learn temp'rance from these hallow'd strains,
Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains,
And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
Nor Virtue needs her guard of blushes here:
Matrons grown rev'rend in their silver hairs
Soothe the sad mem'ry of their ancient cares
With these soft hymns, while on their trembling knee
Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree
With list'ning wonder, till their infant-tongues
Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal song,

And lays up the fair lesson to repeat
To the fourth distant age when sitting round their feet.
Each heav'n-born heart shall chuse a fav'rite ode
To bear their morning homage to their God,
And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
Inspire the pillow with ethereal dreams,
And oft' amidst the burdens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
Forgetful of this globe. Adieu the cares
Of mortal life! adieu the sins, the snares!
She talks with angels and walks o'er the stars.
Amidst th' exalted raptures of the lyre,
O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,
And mix their notes at once with some celestial choir.

DAM. What holy sounds are these, what strains
Is it thy voice, O blest Urania! thine? [divine?
Enough; I claim no more: my toils are paid,
My midnight-lamp and my o'erlabour'd head,
My early sighs for thy propitious pow'r,
And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyric hour:
Thy words reward them all; and when I die
May the great Ruler of the rolling sky
Give thy predictions birth with blessings from his eye.
I lay my flesh to rest with heart resign'd
And smiling hope. Arise my deathless mind,
Ascend where all the blissful passions flow
In sweeter numbers, and let mortals know
Urania leaves these Odes to cheer their toils below.

REMNANTS OF TIME EMPLOY'D IN VERSE.

Advertisement.

Dr Watts's opinion about publishing these papers appears in the following advertisement prefixed to them by himself.

THESE papers were written at several seasons and intervals of leisure, and on various occasions arising through the greatest part of my life. Many of them were designed to be published among the Reliquiæ Juveniles, *but for some reason or other, not worth present notice, were laid by at that time. Whether I shall ever publish them I know not, though far the greatest part of them have long stood corrected among my manuscripts; nor do I suppose many of them inferior to those Essays and Remarks of this kind which have before appeared in the world with some acceptance. If they are not published in my lifetime my worthy friends who have the care of my papers may leave out what they please.* I. W.

July 3, 1740.

I. *The British fisherman.*

Let Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends groaning to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,
Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares
Defraud their long projecting cares
And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

2. My little skiff, that skims the shores
With half a sail and two short oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves;
But if they gape in wat'ry graves
I trust th' Eternal Pow'r, whose hand
Has swell'd the storm so high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give some angel swift command
To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

LI. *Redemption.*

The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

2. Begin, my Muse, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3. Proclaim inimitable love:
Jesus! the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4. What black reproach defil'd his name
When with our sin he took our shame!
The Pow'r whom kneeling angels blest
Is made the impious rabble's jest!

5. He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans;
The Prince of life resigns his breath;
The King of glory bows to death.

6. But see the wonders of his pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And whilst by Satan's rage he fell
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

7. Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Then he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

8. Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
What vain pretender dares?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue,
And Gabriel's harp despairs.*

LII. *Complaint and hope under great pain*, 1736.

Lord! I am pain'd, but I resign
To thy superior will:
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

* In this Ode there are three or four lines taken from Mr. Stennet's Sacramental Hymns; for when I found they exprest my thought and design in proper and beautiful language, I chose rather to borrow and to acknowledge the debt than to labour hard for worse lines, that I might have the poor pleasure of calling them my own.

Watts.]

3 Yet Nature may have tears
And plead before her God,
Let this forburden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4. Will nothing but such daily pain
Secure my soul from hell?
Canst thou not make my health attain
Thy kind designs as well?

5. How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace
While thus at home confin'd?
What can I write while painful flesh
Hangs heavy on the mind?

6. These groans and sighs and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease,
While ev'ry groan my Father hears
[illegible] he sees.

While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell
The groves confess a rising Philomel.

LIV. *Dr. Young's admirable description of the peacock enlarged.*

View next the peacock; what bright glories run
From plume to plume and vary in the sun!
Proudly boasts them to the heav'nly ray,
Gives all his colours and adorns the day.
Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Drest his rich form in azure, green, and gold,
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd,
Or spread his sweepy train? his train disdains the ground, [round.
And kindles living lamps thro' all the spacious
Mark with what conscious state the bird displays
His native gems, and 'midst the waving blaze
On the slow step of majesty he moves,
Asserts his honours and demands his loves.

LV. *Copies composed for the use of children at the writing school.*

Attend the advice of the old and the wise.
Be not angry nor fret, but forgive and forget.
Can you think it no ill to pilfer and steal?
Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.
Envy none for their wealth or their honour or health.
Fear, worship, and love, the great God above.
Grow quiet and easy when fools try to tease ye.

Honour father and mother, love sister and brother.
It is dang'rous folly to jest with things holy.
Keep your book without blot and your clothes without spot.
Let your hands do no wrong, nor backbite with your tongue.
Make haste to obey, nor dispute or delay.
Never stay within hearing of cursing and swearing.
Offer God all the prime of your strength and your time.
Provoke not the poor tho' he lie at your door.
Quash all evil thoughts, and mourn for your faults.
Remember the liar has his part in hell fire.
Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the good.
Transgress not the rule or at home or at school.
Vie still with the best and excel all the rest.
When you are at your play take heed what you say.
X Excuse* but with truth the follies of youth.
Yield a little for peace, and let quarreling cease.
Zeal and charity join'd make you pious and kind.

LVI. *Copies containing the whole alphabet, or the twenty-four letters.*

KNOWLEDGE shall be promoted by frequent exercise.
Happy hours are quickly follow'd by amazing vexations.
Quick-sighted men by exercise will gain perfection.
A dazzling triumph quickly flown is but a gay vexation.

* The letter X begins no English word, so that we must begin that line with Ex, unless the reader will chuse this instead of it, namely,

X is such a cross letter balks my morals and metre.

LV. *Copies composed of short letters, to teach to write even with ease.*

Virtue in an eminent station rises our esteem.
Art comes in to imitate or assist nature.
Our most virtuous actions are not meritorious.
Conversation is a sweet entertainment to wise men.
Some inconveniences await our easiest moments.
A covetous or an envious man is never at rest.

In verse.

Astronomers can trace a comet's various race.
Nor snow, nor ice, nor rain, were ever sent in vain.
No meaner creatures can converse or act as man.
Here no man is secure to sin or mourn no more.

Nor let soft slumber close your eyes
Before you 'ave recollected thrice
The train of actions thro' the day;
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learn'd where'er I 'ave been
From all I 'ave heard from all I 'ave seen?
What know I more that 's worth the knowing?
Whet have I done that 's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?

These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

——Fas est ab hoste doceri. *Virg.*

Seize upon the truth where'er 'tis found,
Amongst your friends amongst your foes,
On Christian or on Heathen ground;
The flow'rs divine where'er it grows:
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quò sæpe solemus
Pastores ovium teneros depellere fœtus, &c.

Thus Englished.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like market-towns where once a week we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.

——Ut sibi quivis
Speret dem; sudet multùm, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem. *Hor. de Art. Poet.*

Smooth be your stile, and plain and natural,
To strike the sons of Wapping or Whitehall:
While others think this easy to attain
Let them but try, and with their utmost pain
They 'll sweat and strive to imitate in vain.

STULTORUM incurato pudor malus ulcera celat.
Hor. Epist. 16. *Lib.* 1.

In English thus.

IF fools have ulcers and their pride conceal 'em
They must have ulcers still, for none can heal 'em.

AUDITUM admissi risum teneatis amici?
Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat? *Hor.*

CAN it be faulty to repeat
A dialogue that walk'd the street?
Or can my gravest friends forbear
A laugh when such disputes they hear?

——————————ET nos
Consilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret---------- *Juv. Sat.* 1.

WHERE with men-boys I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown
That he might sleep the sounder.

——I DEMENS, et sævas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias. *Juv. Sat.* 10.

GO climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool!
To please the boys and be a theme at school.

THIRTY days have September,
June and April and November;
February twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one.

Compute the pence but of one day's expence,
So many pounds and angels, groats and pence,
Are spent in one whole year's circumference.

Ex magna cœnâ stomacho fit maxima pœna:
Ut sis nocte levis, sit tibi cœna brevis. *Juv.*

Englished.

To be easy all night
Let your supper be light,
Or else you 'll complain
Of a stomach in pain.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. *Hor.*

Applied thus in English.

Sounds which address the ear are lost and die
In one short hour, but that which strikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind; the faithful sight
Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons;
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Hor. de Art. Poet.

Good teaching from good knowledge springs:
Words will make haste to follow things.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est. Sive hunc divino semine fecit
Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo,

Finxit in effigiem moderantùm cuncta deorum:
Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram
Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. *Ovid.*

Thus in English.

A CREATURE of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd,
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest;
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire,
And borrowing from our earth, on that blest day,
Our new-made earth, a better sort of clay,
And moulding up the mass in shape like ours,
Form'd a bright image of th'all-ruling Pow'rs.
Whilst all the mute creation downwards bend
Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.

According to the vulgar philosophy the planets may be thus described in their order.

THE Earth, the centre of the world,
Sees all the planets round her hurl'd,
The Moon keeps always near;
Then Mercury, Venus, and the Sun,
And Mars and Jove, their circuits run,
And Saturn's highest sphere.

Or thus, according to the new philosophy.

First Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars,
Then rolls the Earth among the stars,
And round the earth the Moon;
Venus and Mercury are next;
The Sun is in the centre fixt,
And makes a glorious noon.

The twelve signs may be thus described.

The Ram, the Bull, the heav'nly Twins,
And near the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Seagoat,
The Man that holds the water-pot
And fish with glitt'ring tails.

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Divine Songs for Children, - - - - - -
Moral Songs for Children, - - - - - -
Miscellaneous thoughts, - - - - - - -

THE END.

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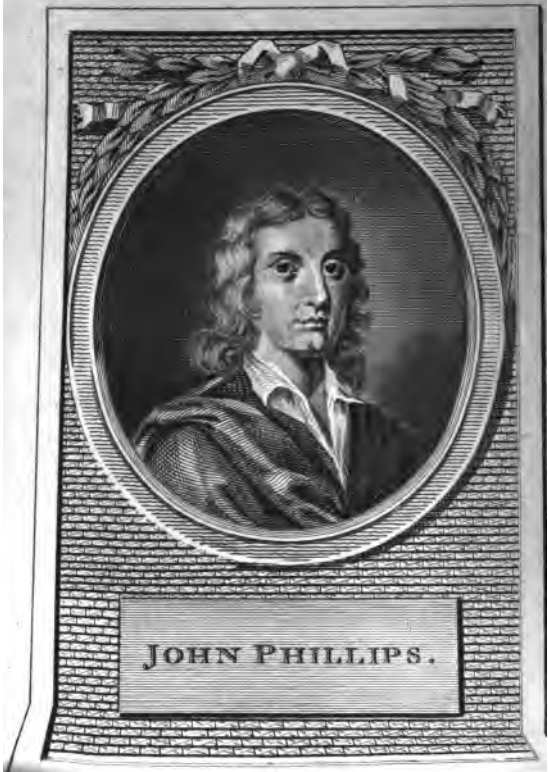

for John Bell British Library Strand London Feb.y 6

BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

I. PHILIPS

Happy the Man, who void of cares and strife
In silken, or in leathern purse retains a
Splendid shilling

on Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Ap

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

CONTAINING HIS

SPLENDID SHILLING,
BLENHEIM,
CIDER,
LATIN ODE TO ST. JOHN,
TRANSLATION OF DITTO,
CEREALIA.

&c. &c. &c.

PHILIPS! Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst in rhyme-unfetter'd verse
With British freedom sing the British song,
How from Silurian vats high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods, some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the lab'ring hind,
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours. THOMSON.

PHILIPS, by Phœbus taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought;
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels, whilst his hero fights,
Pursues the bard where he with honour can,
Equals the poet and excels the man. TICKELL.

With other fire thy glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines!
Thy nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
And France to PHILIPS as to Churchill bends ----
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!----
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms. SMITH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1799.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK

THE

POETICAL WORKS

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JOHN PHILIPS.

CONTAINING HIS

SPLENDID SHILLING,
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THE LIFE

OF

JOHN PHILIPS. *

AFTER we have read the works of a poet with pleasure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumstances which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To satisfy this general inclination, and to do some justice to the memory of Mr. Philips, we shall give the world a short account of him and his few but excellent compositions: sufficient they were, though few, to his fame, but not to our wishes.

John Philips, one of those few poets whose Muse and manners were equally amiable, was son of Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop, and born 30th December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire, of which place his father was minister. † He was instructed at

* This life is principally copied from Dr. Sewell's Life of Philips: where that was deemed defective the additional materials will be found either interwoven in the text or thrown into notes.

† *It* appears that Dr. Stephen Philips had a nume-

is said would sit hours together enjoying the p
are it gave him with the highest degree of sensibil
t was in these intervals chiefly that he read Milt
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with both Virgil and Homer, and the frequent i
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before he left Winchester, as observed by the late
Oldisworth, who was his contemporary at that sch

With this foundation of good learning, in the
ginning of the 1694 he was removed to Christ-chu
Oxford, a college then in the highest reputation, f
the excellent sense and conduct of Dr. Aldrich. F
his first entrance into that university he was very m
esteemed for the simplicity of his manners, the agr
ableness of his conversation, and the uncommon d
acy of his genius; and in that place, so famous
Good sense and a true spirit, he in a short time g
to be superior to most of his contemporaries, wh
to have been their equal only had been a suffici
praise. He was received with open arms into the co
pany and acquaintance of the most distinguished wi
and as often as the statutes of the university called h
to any public exercises his performances were c
etantly the talk and admiration of all that heard the

home in the first rudiments of grammar, after which he was sent to Winchester school, where he made himself master of the Latin and Greek languages, and presently discovered the delicacy of his genius, his exercises being distinguished above those of his schoolfellows by a happy imitation of the Classics. The profession which he intended to follow was that of physic.

In the mean-time he became the darling of the whole place by the sweetness of his temper; and while the master, a rigid disciplinarian, dispensed with that strict observance of those rugged rules, which was severely exacted from the rest, on account of Philips's tender constitution, what is still more singular, the boys themselves were so far from murmuring at this indulgence that they were even pleased with the distinction; the whilst they were at play he seldom joined with them but generally retired then to his chamber, where procured a person to attend him and comb his ha of which he had a very handsome flow. In this v singular gratification he felt an exquisite delight,

---

rous family, and that the sons had all an uncon cast of genius. "I shall," says Mr. Edmund S "only make this known observation of his famil "there was scarcely so many extraordinary men "one. I have been acquainted with five of h "thers, all men of fine parts, yet all of a very "temper and genius; so that their fruitful mot "the mother of the gods, seems to have pro "numerous offspring, all of different though "mon faculties."

it is said would sit hours together enjoying the pleasure it gave him with the highest degree of sensibility. It was in these intervals chiefly that he read Milton; however this was not before he was well acquainted with both Virgil and Homer, and the frequent imitations he found of these authors in Paradise Lost falling in exactly with his own turn, he conceived an ardent passion for the English poet, and some small pieces which he composed at this time shewed that he had imbibed a good share of Milton's style and manner before he left Winchester, as observed by the late Mr. Oldisworth, who was his contemporary at that school.

With this foundation of good learning, in the beginning of the 1694 he was removed to Christ-church, Oxford, a college then in the highest reputation, from the excellent sense and conduct of Dr. Aldrich. From his first entrance into that university he was very much esteemed for the simplicity of his manners, the agreeableness of his conversation, and the uncommon delicacy of his genius; and in that place, so famous for good sense and a true spirit, he in a short time grew to be superior to most of his contemporaries, where to have been their equal only had been a sufficient praise. He was received with open arms into the company and acquaintance of the most distinguished wits; and as often as the statutes of the university called him to any public exercises his performances were constantly the talk and admiration of all that heard them;

What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days. PHILIPS.

Mr. Philips was no less passionate an admirer of Nature, and it is probable that he drew his own character in that description which he gives of a philosophical and retired life at the end of the first book of his Cider:

He to his labour hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race.

And we have good reason to believe that much might have been attained to, many new discoveries made, by so diligent an inquirer and so faithful a recorder of physical operations. However, though death prevented our hopes in that respect, yet the admirable passages of that kind which we find in his poem on Cider may convince us of the niceness of his observations in natural causes. Besides this, he was particularly skilled in all manner of antiquities, especially those of his own country, and part of this too he has with much art and beauty intermixed with his poetry.

As to his private character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not;

somewhat reserved and silent among strangers, but free, familiar, and easy, with his friends; the first was the effect of his modesty, the latter of his cheerful innocence; the one was the proper caution of a wise man, the other the good humour of a friend. He was averse to contentious disputes, and thought no time so ill spent, and no wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such debates. Thus he never contributed to the uneasiness of his company, but often to their instruction, always to their pleasure. As on the one hand he declined all strokes of satire, so on the other he detested flattery as much, and would rather have been contented with the character of a dull man than that of a witty or servile one, at the expence of his humanity or sincerity. This sincerity indeed was his distinguishing character, and made him as dear to all good men as his wit and learning did to all favourers of true sense and letters.

Upon all these accounts, during his stay in the university he was honoured with the acquaintance of the best and politest men in it, many of whom, who now make considerable figures both in the State and in the republic of learning, would think it no disgrace to have their names mentioned as Mr. Philips's friends. And here we must not forget that particular friendship which he contracted with Mr. Edmund Smith, author of the incomparable tragedy of Phædra and Hippolitus, and who upon his decease celebrated his

[illegible] in a beautiful grave [illegible] of Mr. Phillips' Works, and [illegible] to the grave. [illegible] thoughts to each other, and as their studies [illegible] improvement; or in the most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

It is to be deplored, that two great geniuses, in whose power it was to have obliged the world so much, should make so short a stay in it, though, had their date been longer, we can hardly say that time would have added any thing but number to their compositions. It was their happiness to give us all their pieces perfect in their kind, the accuracy of their judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest care and correctness; for hasty fruits, the common product of every injudicious fancy, seldom continue long, never come to maturity, and are at best food only for debauched and vitiated palates. These men thought and considered before they sat down to write, and after they had written too, being ever the last persons who were satisfied that they had performed well, and even then perhaps more in compliment to the opinion of others than from the conviction of their own judgments.

During our Author's stay at the university of Oxford there is one remarkable circumstance in his history omitted by Dr. Sewell, and so slightly touched by his friend Mr. Smith, that it seems to require a further explanation, we mean his love-affair with Mrs. Mary

---

lock turned upon him for three days, at the end of which he produced the poem from which these lines are taken, prefixed complete to this volume, having himself not long after paid the last debt also to Nature.

Meers, daughter to the then Principal o
College. This lady, who had a very go
tural sense, wanted none of those ac
which the advantage of a genteel educa
her. Besides the ordinary embellishn
and dancing, her father had been at t
structing her in the Latin language,
complete mistress of French and Italia
son she was an agreeable brunette, wit
very striking except a full black pier
Meers being a Herefordshire man, took
thence frequently to invite his country
student, universally beloved and admire
where our Author had the ill luck to se
a secret passion for the daughter, who
tised all the airs which the sense of her
that University, and her uncommon pe
plishments, could inspire, and did not
with her usual disdain. Thus awed, he
rage to hint his passion to her, but like
phon poured forth his complaints in ver

Maria's form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart
O

And again,

------O ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice shou
A fair and modest virgin, &c.

It must be owned that Mr. Philips's constitution, both of body and mind, was much too delicate for his mistress's taste. His consumptive habit, by and by to be more fully noticed, rendered him little fitted for amorous conflicts. The truth is, Mrs. Maria Meers was a young lady that knew no pleasure with the young fellows like that of intriguing, and was generally believed, not without good reason, to be married clandestinely to one of the Fellows of Brazen-Nose College for many years. After her father's death she lived in a house in Holywell at Oxford, where that gentleman spent the best part of his time with her.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his University friends to some of a higher rank, among whom he met with equal applause and admiration. The reason of his coming to town was the persuasion of some great persons who engaged him to write upon the battle of Blenheim. How well their expectations were answered, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his Works. It is enough at present to observe, that this poem brought him into favour and esteem with the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, two of the most eminent encouragers and patrons of letters that have appeared in our age, the one famous for his political knowledge and universal learning, the other distinguished for the different talents of a refined and polite genius and an indefatigable application to bu-

other nations, the sentiments and style being both new, whereas in those the jest lies more in as to the thoughts and fables of the Ancients the pomp of the expression. The same humour ed through the whole, and not unnaturally di- d, as most poems of that nature have been be- Out of that variety of circumstances which his al invention must suggest to him on such a sub- he has not chosen any but what are diverting to reader, and some that none but his inimitable could have made diverting to any. When we t we are betrayed into a pleasure that we could xpect, though at the same time the sublimity of yle and gravity of the phrase seem to chastise that ter which they provoke.

n her best light the Comic Muse appears
Vhen she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears. *

s was the first piece that made him known to the , and, tho' printed from an incorrect copy, gained niversal applause, and (as every thing new in its loes) set many imitators to work; yet none ever up to the humour and happy turn of the original, uine edition of it came out some years after, for he ot so solicitous for praise as to hasten even that, by the earnest he received from the public he modestly assure himself would be a procurer of

* Mr. Smith's poem, prefixed to this volume.

We must not omit to take notice, that as the custom smoking tobacco was highly in vogue when Mr. ilips was at the university, from the example of the ebrated Dr. Aldrich, * so he fell in with the general te, which recommended itself the rather to him as felt some relief from it: he has descended to sing praises in more than one place, and his splendid illing owes some part of its lustre to the happy in- duction of a tobacco pipe. †

* Dr. Aldrich's incessant use of tobacco was an en- taining topic of discourse in the university many irs afterwards, concerning which take the following ry. A young student of the College once finding ne difficulty to bring his chum into the belief of it, d him a wager that the Dean was smoking at that tant, *viz.* about ten o'clock in the morning. Away refore he hies to the Deanery, where being ad- tted to the Dean in his study, he presently relates occasion of his visit. To which "You see," re- es the Dean in perfect good-humour, "you have ost your wager, for I am not smoking but filling ny pipe."

† There is not a piece of his except Blenheim (which s a subject not of his own chusing) where he has t introduced tobacco. In his Ode to Mr. St. John e the translation) he makes the gift of it the first l last subjects of his gratitude to his benefactor:

O thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sov'reign herb prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life and every anxious care,
While from the fragrant lighted bale
I suck new life into my soul,

The next poem of his was that entitled Blenheim, wherein he shews that he could use the same sublime

---

And he concludes in expressing the miserable state to which his mistress cruelly had reduced him, thus:

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
And sighing hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
By night I wake, by day I burn,
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,*
Or sooth my pains or close my eye.

In his Cider, book I. we find these lines

------To her† we owe
The Indian weed unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
Gently mitigates; companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well labour'd songs.

In The Splendid Shilling the happiness of a full or empty purse is exhibited by a clean or dirty pipe of good or bad tobacco. Thus of the first he sings:

Mean-while he smokes and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.

The contrast of which follows thus:

------Or from tube as black
As winter chimney or well polish'd jet

* That is, wine and tobacco, both expressly mentioned in the original Latin.

† *Ex*perience.

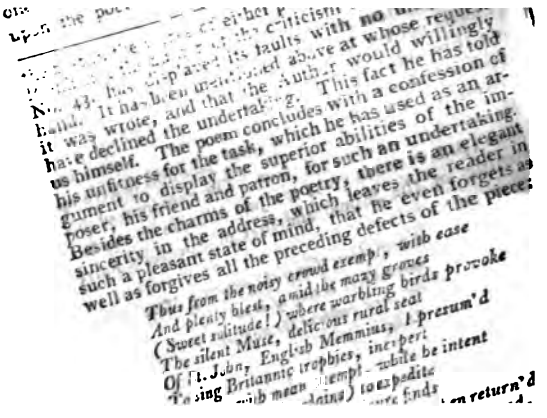
and nervous style as properly on a serious and heroic subject as he had before done on one of a more light

---

Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size
Smoke Cambro-Britons——

Many fine things have been said of The Splendid Shilling. The preceding remarks of Dr. Sewell are very just, observed with acuteness, and expressed with an easy delicacy, agreeably to the character of the writer, who, it is more than probable, chose to refer us to Mr. Smith for a more particular account of the humour of this exquisite performance, displayed in the following lines:

Oh various Bard! you all our powers control,
You now disturb and now divert the soul;
Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine;
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For, as I've seen when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend,
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
That, with a look demure and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes or sneering praise replies;
So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style:
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.
What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!
There, there my cell immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears
When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.
So when Nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,



Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amidst the mazy groves
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of H. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert

Marcellus eris is so happily [illegible]ed and applied, that it shews the spirit of Virgil better than all the labours of his commentators: there, speaking of the late Marquis of Blandford, he says,

Thou, had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Shouldst Churchill be!

The addresses to his patrons are very fine and artificial; the first just and proper, and the latter of

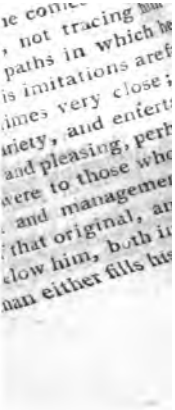
---

In the following two lines,

------Straight the airy phantoms fleet
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit,

there is an allusion to a piece of history which has been overlooked by all the critics. It is now long since it has been no secret, that how well soever the officers of the French army kept up their own spirits, yet from this time it was not, as they afterwards confessed, in their power during that war, by any means whatever, to make their common men stand before an English army with the Duke of Marlborough at their head. How greatly this happy effect of that General's success in the battle of Blenheim is raised by our Author's representation of it in this passage, needs no comment to explain it.

Gildon styles Blenheim the only tolerable production of its author; which censure Dr. Johnson with much justice pronounces too dogmatical and violent. "The poem of Blenheim," continues the Doctor, "was never denied to be tolerable, even by those who "do not allow it supreme excellence. It is indeed the "poem of a scholar *all inexpert of war*, of a man who "writes books from books, and studies the world in a "college."



ith the idle fables of Antiquity or new transforma-
ons of his own, and has, in contradiction to his own
les of criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and
blime style of Virgil with the elegant turns of Ovid in
is Metamorphoses. Nor has the great genius of Mr.
owley succeeded better in his books of plants, who,
esides the same faults with the former, is continually
arying his numbers from one sort of verse to another,
nd alluding to remote hints of medicinal writers,
hich, though allowed to be useful, are yet so nume-
ous that they flatten the dignity of the verse, and sink
from a poem to a treatise of physic. It is not out of
vy to the merit of these great men (and who will
er be such in spite of envy) that we take notice of
ese mistakes, but only to shew the judgment of him
ho followed them, in avoiding to commit the same.
Whatever scenes he presents us with appear delicate
nd charming; the philosophical touches surprise, the
oral instruct, and the gay descriptions transport, the
ader. Sometimes he opens the bowels of the earth,
: others he paints its surface; sometimes he dwells
pon its lower products and fruits, at others mounts to
s higher and more stately plantations, and then beau-
fies it with the innocent pleasures of its inhabitants:
ere we are taught the nature and variety of soils,
ere the difference of vegetables, the sports of a rural,
e retirement of a contemplative, life; the working
enius of the husbandman, the industry of the me-

chanic, contribute as much to diversity as the
praises of exalted patriots, heroes, and statesmen,
raise and ennoble the poetry. The change of seas
and their distinctions, introduced by the rising
setting of the stars, the effects of heat, cold, show
and tempests, are in their several places very or
mental, and their descriptions inferior only to th
of Virgil.

It would be difficult as well as useless to give pa
cular instances of his imitations of the last mentio
poet; men of taste and learning will themselves
serve them with pleasure, and it would be to no
pose to quote them to the illiterate: to the one
would be a sort of an affront, to the other but an
sipid entertainment. Milton, we are informed, co
repeat the best part of Homer, and the person of wh
we write could do the same of Virgil, and by co
nually reading him fortunately equalled the vari
of his numbers. This alone ought to be a suffic
answer to those who wish this poem had been w
in rhyme, since then it must have lost half its be
ties, it being impossible but that the same undis
guishable tenor of versification and returns of c
should make it very unharmonious to a judicious
musical ear. The best judges of our nation h
given their opinions against rhyme; even they
used it with the greatest admiration and success co
not forbear condemning the practice. I am not q

rant to what a height some modern writers have carried this art, and adapted it to express the most sublime ideas; yet this has been in much shorter poems than the present; and I doubt not but the same persons would have rejected it were they to write upon the same occasion. I shall not enter so far into the dispute concerning the preference of these different manners of writing as to state and answer the objections on each side. It is true Mr. Dryden thought that Milton's choice of blank verse proceeded from his inability to rhyme well; and as good a reason might be given for his own choice, it being certain he had the perfect art and mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.*

* In studying poetry Mr. Philips was wholly attentive to whatever helped to preserve or raise its dignity, and by continually conversing with Milton and the Ancients his ear became habituated to the harmony of their numbers. Besides, as he saw the art was removed from its proper standard, so he thought it had lost much of its true worth in English by the gingle of rhyme, which consequently was better avoided. How much soever Mr. Philips was struck with the majesty, fire, and force of Milton's Muse, yet he had no share in the heat and passion of that author's temper. In this he seemed entirely to be formed in Virgil's mould, whom he much loved and admired.

In the Inscription to Philips in Westminster-Abbey, subjoined to this life, whether written by Dr. Atterbury or Dr. Freind, the author has set forth his happy emulation of Milton's numbers without rhyme very

However, we leave this question to be decided by those whose studies and designs to excel in poetry may

particularly and no less elegantly, but yet very far short of what the following passage from the disciple himself exhibits, at the conclusion of the first book of his Cider, wherein he has transmitted his own name, in company with that of his master, to the latest posterity. After giving to the two great fathers of ancient poesy, Homer and Virgil, each his just praise, he proceeds thus:

---------- And had that other bard,
Oh! had but he that first ennobled song
With holy rapture like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found,
Unpity'd he should not have wail'd his orbe,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd.
But he-----However let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower! There let her rest a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks and cool retreat, &c.

These unparalleled lines shew, in the clearest and truest light, not only the genius and turn of Mr. Philips's Muse happily united to that of his master, but likewise the turn and temper of his mind, as before observed, happily varying from him. Without entering into the comparison, which his own example forbids, we shall only observe, and it is an observation no less true than trite, that, in writing upon any subject whatsoever, the author, be his success what it will in executing his plan, yet never fails to write his own character without design, which for that reason too is certainly the true one, natural and undisguised; ac-

oblige them to a more exact inquiry. For my part, I think it no more a disreputation to Mr. Philips that he did not write in rhyme than it is to Virgil that he has not composed odes or elegies. The bent of our genius is what we ought to pursue, and if we answer our designs in that it is sufficient. The critic would make a man laugh to hear him gravely disputing, from little hints of those authors, whether Virgil could not have wrote better satires, or Horace a good epic poem?

But to return from this digression to my design. I would not have it thought that I presume to make a criticism upon the works of our Author or those of others; these are only the sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good fortune not to prejudice his memory for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one remark more upon this subject, which is, the great difficulty of making our English names of plants, soils, animals, and instruments, shine in verse: there are hardly any of those which in the Latin tongue are not in themselves beautiful and expressive, and very few in our own which do not rather debase than exalt the style;

---

cordingly in this passage we see that modesty, candour, and simplicity of mind and manners, that natural goodness, that unaffected piety, that universal charity, and that steady adherence to his principle, which distinguished Mr. Philips's life.

and yet I know not by what art in the poet these words, though in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the dignity of his style, but become their places as well as those of a better and more harmonious sound.

I cannot leave the Cider without taking notice that the two books are addressed to two gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say that they were Mr. Philips's friends and favourers, and whose characters, without the help of a weaker hand, will be transmitted to posterity. Nor must we omit that signal honour which this piece received after his decease, in being translated into Ita- lian by a nobleman of Florence, an honour which th great Boileau was proud his Art of Poetry obtained language of much delicacy and politeness.* It m be some pleasure to observe the turn which Mr. Sm gives this passage in the following verses:†

See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend
By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
Him he brings a nobler treasure home;

...ons transla

In them he views her gods and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern as translate.

The Latin Ode inscribed to the Hon. Henry St. John, Esq. late Lord Bolingbroke, is certainly a masterpiece; the style is pure and elegant, the subject of a mixed nature, resembling the sublime spirit and gay facetious humour of Horace. From this we may form a judgment that his writings in that language were not inferior to those he has left us in our own; and as Horace was one of his darling authors, we need not question his ability to excel in his way as well as that of the admired Virgil.*

By all the inquiry I could make I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned; nor indeed, if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinced that these are all which he finished, and it would be an injury to his ashes to print any imperfect sketches which he never

* While Mr. Philips was in town he resided at Mr. St. John's house, and has celebrated the kindness and generosity of his host in the Latin ode here mentioned, which is all of his that we have left of this kind. Dr. Johnson tells us that this ode was written to his patron St. John, in return for a present of wine and tobacco. He adds, "It is gay and elegant, and exhibits several "artful accommodations of classic expressions to new "purposes."

the public.† It might perhaps please
e first essays of a great genius; but con-
apt we are to impose upon ourselves and
tters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the
f the writer for the fancy of the reader. It
nity that some men have delighted in of
the world how young they were when they
some particular pieces. If they were not
no matter at what age they were wrote; and
e, it is a great chance, if they proceed, they
rite beneath themselves.

ave almost as little to say in respect of our
's further designs, only that we are assured by
nds that he intended to write a poem upon the
rection and the Day of Judgment, in which it
bable he would not only have exceeded all other
ven his own performances. That subject indeed
only proper to be treated of in that solemn style
ch he makes use of, and by one whose just notions
eligion and true spirit of poetry could have carried
reader without a wild enthusiasm

——— extra flammantia mœnia mundi. LUCRET.

† The additional pieces to be found in this volume,
ver and above those here mentioned by Dr. Sewell,
have been published since the Doctor's edition of Phi
lips's Poems with his life, and are to be found in th
Collections by Woty and Nichols, from which the
have been transplanted into this edition of Philips
Works.

Milton has given a few fine touches upon the same subject, but still there remains an inexhaustible store of materials to be drawn from the Prophets, the Psalmist, and the other inspired writers, which in his poetical dress might, without the false boasting of old poets, have endured to the day that it described. The meanest soul and the lowest imagination cannot think of that time, and the descriptions we meet with of it in Holy Writ, without the greatest emotions and the deepest impression: what then might we not expect from the believing heart of a good man, and the regulated flights and raptures of a Christian poet? His friend Mr. Smith seems to be of the same opinion, and as he was a better judge of the scheme which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first rudiments of his design, we shall finish this head with his verses on that occasion:

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days
The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays
How the last trumpet wa'es the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoice above and sinners howl below.
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Those who have had either any knowledge of his person, or relish of his compositions, will readily agree

in the judgment here given, as the generality of men of sense and learning have already done in respect of those which he lived to publish. For my part, I never heard but of one* who took it in his head to censure his Writings, and it is no great compliment to his judgment that he has the honour to stand alone in that reflection. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the fruits of his latter spring† by comparing them with the crudities of the first. That satire upon our Author has, with its other brethren, been dead long since; and I believe the world would have quite forgot that ever it had any being had not Mr. Smith taken care to inform us of it in a work of a more durable nature, his Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips, in which we find the following lines:

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batson's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud---"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
"With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But points in fustian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† Creation, a poem.---There was also a very silly anonymous piece wrote against Mr. Philips's Cider, called *Milton's Sublimity asserted, &c.* but it died in the might be rather said to be stillborn, 17-9.

For far-fetch'd rhymes make puzzled angels strain,
And in low phrase dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems and contrives the worst.
Beyond his praise or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden still thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower theme subsides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakness hides.
You 'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble subjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Isis crowns,
*Whom Blackmore censures and Godolphin owns.**

However, though there is this one unjust exception to his writings, there is none to his life, which was distinguished by a natural goodness, a well-grounded and unaffected piety, an universal charity, and a steady adherence to his principles. No one observed the natural and civil duties of life with a stricter regard, whether those of a son, a friend, or a member of society; and he had the happiness to fill every one of these parts without even the suspicion either of undutifulness, insincerity, or disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his virtues to the happiness of his constitution, but the frame of his mind; insomuch that during a long and lingering sickness,

* Lord Treasurer Godolphin made our Author a present for his poem on Blenheim.

which is apt to ruffle the smoothest temper, he never betrayed any discontent or uneasiness; the integrity of his heart still preserved the cheerfulness of his spirits; and if his friends had measured their hopes of his life only by his unconcernedness in his sickness, they could not but conclude that either his date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepared for death.

Mr. Philips's distemper increasing, obliged him to drop every literary pursuit, and indeed all views whatever, besides that of his health. He had been long troubled with a lingering consumption, attended with an asthma, and had suffered many severe conflicts under it, without betraying any discontent or uneasiness, the singular goodness of his nature engaging his friends in the tenderest and most endearing offices to him on these occasions.* By the advice of his physicians he

* The particular kindness shewn to him by Mr. Trevor our Author has himself gratefully celebrated in the first book of his Cider, in such lays as may well be esteemed a just recompence for it:

----- *O thou! from whom*
Both rich and low seek aid, &c.

And lest this should not be a sufficient tribute of his gratitude, his friend Mr. Smith, who best knew his whole soul, has addressed his poem to the Memory of Philips to the same gentleman, where he takes occasion to transmit this act of friendship to posterity in the following lines:

went to Bath the summer before his death. Here the ablest of the faculty (by whom he was generally beloved) readily gave him their best assistance; and some present ease they did procure him, upon which, he left the place, though with small hopes of recovery. Upon his removal from Bath, he went to Hereford, where his mother was still living, and where the asthma, returning in the winter, put a period to his life, February 15th, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year. He was buried in the cathedral church of Hereford by his mother, who, in testimony of her grief and affection, caused the following inscription to be put upon his grave-stone:

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossas si requiras, hanc urnam inspice,

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd:
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy town
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous Town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd:
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Si ingenium nescias, ipsius opera con
Situmulum desideras, templumadi Westmon
Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et præclara;
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quam interim erga cognatos pius et offi
Testetur hoc saxum
A *Maria Philips* matre ipsius pientissi
Dilecti filii memoriæ non sine lacrymis d

Besides this a monument was erected to mory in the place called Poet's Corner, in W ster-Abbey, by Sir Simon, afterwards Lord and Lord Chancellor of England: it stands those of Chaucer and Drayton. The inscr Westminster was written by Dr. Atterbury commonly given to Dr. Freind. It has this merit, that we find in it a very great and at time a very just character expressed withou It runs thus:

Herefordiæ conduntur ossa,
Hoc in delubro statuitur imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui viris bonis doctisque juxta charus
Immortale suum ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,

Miro animi candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.
Literarum amœniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum domicilio
Præclaris æmulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipsas aptoprorsus, et attemperato,
Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus
Non clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri;
Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoque pœne par.
Res seu tenues, seu grandes, seu mediocres
Ornandas sumpserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, et assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque stylum verteret,
Fandi auctor, et modorum artifex.
Fas sit huic,

Si ingenium nescias, ipsius opera consul
Situmulum desideras, templumadi Westmonast
Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et præclara;
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quam interim erga cognatos pius et officio
Testetur hoc saxum
A *Maria Philips* matre ipsius pientissima
Dilecti filii memoriæ non sine lacrymis dica

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Res seu tenues, seu grandes, seu mediocres
Ornandas sumpserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, et assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque stylum verteret,
Fandi auctor, et modorum artifex.
Fas sit huic,

Auso licet a tua metrorum lege discedere
O poësis Anglicanæ pater, atque conditor Chaucere,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedicebit chorum.
Simon Harcourt Miles,
Viri bene de se, dequo literis meriti
Quod viveret, fautor,
Post obitum pie memor,
Hoc illi saxum poni voluit,
J. PHILIPS, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop, filius, natus est Bamptoniæ in agro
Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15. 1708.

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR.

BY MR. EDMUND SMITH.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distant shores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend;
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd:
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physic fail'd:
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.
Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's herse

But with the meaner tribe I 'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines!
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
And France to Philips as to Churchill bends.
Oh various Bard! you all our pow'rs control,
You now disturb and now divert the soul;
Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine;
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For, as I' ave seen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend,
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
That, with a look demure and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes or sneering praise replies;
So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style:
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.
What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!
There, there my cell immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears
When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.
So when Nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe,

The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.
Forgive, dear Shade! the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause.
When Orpheus sings the ghosts no more complain,
But in his lulling music lose their pain.
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chianti vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.
Rise, rise, Roscommon! see the Blenheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse,
See o'er the Alps his tow'ring pinions soar
Where never English poet reach'd before;
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend
By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern as translate.

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers, brought. So
To follow ours now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow tho' to Spenser lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannic rhyme! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime.
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I, 'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the axe or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled sense or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble but retards the strong,
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft' rise to fustian or descend to prose.
Your judgment, Philips! rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury or direct her way;
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore,
To wanton freely or securely soar.
So the stretch'd cord the shackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure and secure descends.

Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.
Rail on, ye Triflers! who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who, wisely bold,
Rejects new phrases and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns,
The ancient words the majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit is drest
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batson's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud---"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
"With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in fustian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems and contrives the worst.
Beyond his praise or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakness hides.

You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble subjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Isis crowns,
Whom Blackmore censures and Godolphin owns.
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The list'ning nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung,
But cits and fops the heav'n-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame:
Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.
Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show,
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoice above and sinners howl below.
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.
Oh! best of friends! will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor sparkling thoughts in antic words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?

Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,
Thro' streams of smoke and adverse fire he rides,
While ev'ry shot is levell'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound, he dy'd near great Argyle?
Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends!
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd;
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely chusing tho' by all desir'd;
Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himself severe;
In humour pliant as in life austere;
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By *want not* shaken nor by wealth allur'd;

To all sincere; tho' earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles, his own.
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern and the one his theme.
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain,
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save.
Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain,
Its slow advances and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented Shade!
And view the honours to thy ashes paid:
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit and strength that only yield to thine.

Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips! thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns,
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms;
Thee on the Po kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores,
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.
But you his darling friends lament no more,
Display his fame and not his fate deplore,
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

IN THE MIDST OF AN APPLE-TREE OVER

MR. PHILIPS'S CIDER.

If he who first the Apple sung, "the fruit
"Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
"Brought death into the world and all our wo,"
Unfading laurels won, a branch awaits,
Philips, thy youthful brow, who Apples sung
Innocuous, and with freedom bad us quaff
Their gen'rous nectar 'neath their parent shade.

Advent'rous, nor in less inferior strains.
Like Milton too you taught Britannia's song
To shake the shackles off of tinkling rhyme
Emasculate, unnervous, female verse.
Since modesty (still modesty attends
On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
The parted wreath, let Milton's be the first
Unrivall'd, be the second honours thine.
And now, (for Leo from his flaming mane
Shakes sultry rays intense, provoking thirst)
O Philips! while my well glaz'd tube exhales
Nicotian fragrance, and my rummer shines
With Cider sparkling high, partake my shade.
Pleas'd with Pomona's haunts and cool recess,
Her purple-breathing births sweet smiling round.

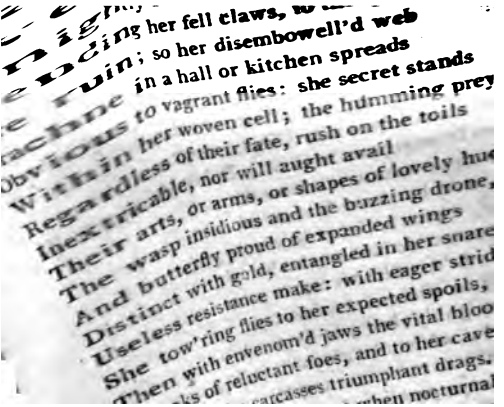
THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

----- -Sing, heav'nly Muse!
Thines unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd nor sighs for cheerful ale,
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall * repairs,
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy and equal love;
Mean-while he smokes and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury surrounds
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk, or doze at home

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes: (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him st
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endu'd: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft' with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft'
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,



My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief nor heavy eyes repose;
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy is still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, Johnapple nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous, at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues. Thus a wellfraught ship

That stands secure, [illegible]
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its [illegible]
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores;
So stood he, and alone, alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at naught their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of w
Momentous, in her prudent heart thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine wo
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air
And other climes, where diff'rent food and
Portend distempers. Over dank and dry
Thy journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with leng
[illegible] march, unstruck with horror at the sigh
[illegible] high-stretching hil

Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wish'd approach
The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouse. Not more rejoice
The miserable race of men that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts
Perpetual and rough Boreas's keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom. Gladly to thee
Heroic laurell'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands
Victorious. On thy pow'rful sword alone
Germania and the Belgic coast relie,
Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
When thee she enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list: her hand
Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.

What spoils, what conq—
From thy achievements! ye
Her boldest vows, exceeded
Could fear or fancy. They
Superior fed their thoughts
Of victory and rapine, reckc
From ransom'd captives w
Jovial his mate bespoke: '
" How gay with all th' acc
" The Britons come; with
" Thus far our prey, and
" Their recreant force; h
" Enrich the victors, wh
" Their maws with full
With high ambition, an
Inherent, arrogantly thu

ad him shackled and expos'd to scorn
th'ring crowds, the Britons' boasted chief."
they in sportive mood their empty taunts
naces express'd; nor could their prince
, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
. "Why halt ye thus, ye Britons! why
ne the war? shall a morass forbid
easy march? Advance; we'll bridge away
of access." Imprudent thus t' invite
us lion to his folds! That boast
bides; captiv'd, in other plight
revisits Britany that once
dent came, with stretch'd retinue girt,
ous pageantry. O hapless fate,
rm but Churchill's had prevail'd!
ed such boasts, or exprobrations false
rdice. The military mound
tish files transcend in evil hour
r proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
on either side the trumpets blew,
f onset, resolution firm
g, and pernicious love of war.
erse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
ng all their might, for on th' event
e of this bloody day depends
of kingdoms. With less vehemence
at competitors for Rome engag'd,
nd Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,

Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
Beneath his courser: round his sacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O beware,
Great Warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene with regiments unequal press'd
Awaits: this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted---Swift and fierce
As wintry storm he flies to reinforce
The yielding wing: in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks; (so Ajax interpos'd
His sevenfold shield and screen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears) unmanly dread invades
The French astony'd; straight their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do, or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword, or where

Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind with wrath
Resistless the eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,
And push'd by Marlborough's avengful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood;
Bands num'rous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore
Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outrageous fluent. In this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain; vain love, tho' laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together sound
The vast profundity: their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd

And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring remnant with unusual tide,
Then rolling back in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So, when some swelt'ring travell'rs retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream, her tail
Of vast extension from her wat'ry den,
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd: full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking: shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursu'd
The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harrass'd pow'rs

From ruin impendent, and afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd
He the proud boasters sent with stern assault
Down to the realms of Night. The British soul
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe
On Landen plains this heav'nly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants, they roam
Erroneous and disconsolate, themselves
Accusing and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they see
Thro' the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd perhaps revolv'd
Anna's late conquests; one to empire born,
Egregious Prince,* whose manly childhood shew
His mingl'd parents, and portended joy
Unspeakable; thou his associate dear†
Once in this world, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,

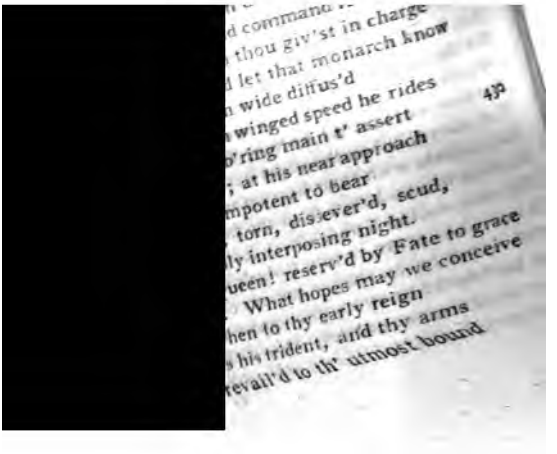
* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Bland

Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Shouldst Churchill be! but Heav'n severe cut short
Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
Gifts so important! Them the Gallic shades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of excessive dignity and grace
Delighted, till in one their curious eye
Discerns their great subduer's awful mien
And corresponding features fair, to them
Confusion: straight the airy phantoms fleet
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit:
The image, pleas'd with joy paternal, smiles.
Enough, O Muse! the sadly-pleasing theme
Leave with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conq'ror and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark how the cannon, inoffensive now,
Gives signs of gratulation! struggling crowds
From ev'ry city flow; with ardent gaze
Fix'd they behold the British Guide, of sight
Insatiate, whilst his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
How Prussia's King transported entertains
His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to shew
The skill and rudiments austere of war.

See with what joy him Leopold declares
His great deliverer, and courts t'accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Mean-while the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair and fear
Now first he feels: his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme
Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.
But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
Torment the Boian prince? From native soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encount'ring fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Paynim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when
Of counsel rash new measures he pursues,

Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, fore'd t' implore relief
Of him he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd, thou shouldst first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo! how the Norick plains thro' thy default
Rise hilly with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men! that warr'd still firmly for their prince
Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd,
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fenc'd and num'rous, desolation reigns
And emptiness: dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan stroll around
The desert wide; with oft'-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls and poor remains
Of mansions once their own, (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial and too rig'rous, nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
Thy welfare. Crown'd with Nature's choicest gifts,

Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian sceptre undecided here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth descends
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Austrian: havoc dire ensues
And wild uproar: the natives, dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait
Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian shore. What sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving falchion! fertile soil in vain,
What do thy pastures or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heav'n! or huge Taburnus cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters with their harvest immature?
See with what outrage from the frosty North
The early-valian Swede draws forth his wings
In battalous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers! on mutual slaughter bent
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
With civil broils, while two elected kings



Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain sublime! that casts a shade of
Immeasurable, and rules the inland wave
Let others with insatiate thirst of rule
Invade their neighbours' lands, neglect
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar
Be still to study right and quell the force
Of kings perfidious: let them learn from
That neither strength nor policy refin'd
Shall with success be crown'd where justi
Thou, with thy own content, not for thys
Subduest regions, generous to raise
The suppliant knee and curb the rebel ne
The German boasts thy conquests, and e
The great advantage; naught to thee redo
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind
Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attend
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion vi
Europe embroil'd: still thou (for thou al
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
Reciprocally ruinous: say who
Shall wield th' Hes,'rian, who the Polish
By thy decree? The trembling lands shal
Thy voice obedient, lest thy scourge shou
Their stubborn necks, and Churchill in hi
Make them remember Blenheim with reg

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, ex
Thy pow'r and justice: jealousies and fears,
And Hate infernal, banish'd, shall retire
To Mauritania or the Bactrian coasts,
Or Tartary, engend'ring discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth, while arts
Pacific and inviolable love
Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And mildly on her shining bless the world!
Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds prov
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt, while he, intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell; but when retur
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful hea
Then shall his Churchill in sublimer verse
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a chief to fight and bard to sing.

Cl

IN TW

"-------Honos erit huic q

BO

WHAT soil the Apple l
To Orchats, timeliest w
Thy gift Pomona! In M
Advent'rous I presume
Nor skill'd nor studiou
Invites me, and the the
Ye Ariconian Knigh
To whom propitious H
Attend my lays! nor h
How Nature's gifts ma
And thou, O Mosty
And candour, oft' expe
To knit in friendship g
Accept this pledge of g
May it a lasting monu
Of dear respect, that w
Is moulder'd into dust,
As I had never been, l
I once was bless'd in s

Whoe'er expect his lab'ring tree should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a track
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force
Noxious to feeble buds; but to the west
Let him free entrance grant; let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs:
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds,
But when the black'ning clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd
The Orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav'nly dew.
Next let the planter with discretion meet
The force and genius of each soil explore,
To what adapted, what it shuns averse.
Without this necessary care in vain
He hopes an Apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields
Rejoicing in rich mould most ample fruit

Of beauteous form produce, pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so oft' we see
Men passing fair in outward lineaments
Elaborate less inwardly exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The must of pallid hue declares the soil
Devoid of spirit: wretched he that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors! oft' with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs, distrest he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome di
But Farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of ry
Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select
For Apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garners thence with store
Surcharg'd shall burst; thy press with purest ji
Shall flow, which in revolving years may try
Thy feeble feet and bind thy falt'ring tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan groun
Such thine, O learned Brome! and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much lov'd Geers his Mars
And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came
To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty, but deluded dy'd

In height of hopes.---Oh hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship and pretended love!
I nor advise nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcleyhill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet it is unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that once more
This mount may journey, and his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law debates? * If therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring glebe.
But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld,
If a penurious clay should be thy lot
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough

* February the 7th 1571, at six o'clock in the
ing, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise,
seven the next morning had moved forty pa
kept moving for three days together, carrying
sheep in their cots, hedge-rows and trees, an
passage overthrew Kinnaston chapel, and tur
highways near an hundred yards from their
position. The ground thus moved was about
six acres, which opened itself and carried t
before it for four hundred yards space, leav
which was pasture in the place of the tillage,
tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed
of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britan

Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'erabounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit and restive marl.
Thus naught is useless made; nor is there land
But what or of itself or else compell'd
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds and dashing waves
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then let thy ground
Not lie unlabour'd; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human use redound,
And penury the worst of ills remove?
There are who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land

Its native poverty again prevails
Tho' this art fails, despond not
In a due hour employ'd, great p
Th' industrious, when the sun i
And darts his sultriest beams po
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry
To sink a circling trench, and da
A just supply of alimental strea
Exhausted sap recruiting, else fa
He cherishes, nor will his fruit e
The autumnal season; but in su
When other Orchats smile, abor
Thus the great light of heav'n
Surveys and quickens all things,
Noxious to planted fields, and of
Perceive his influence dire; swe
To grots and caves, and the cool
Of woven arborets, and oft' the r
Still streaming fresh revisit, to a
Thirst inextinguishable: but if
Preceding should be destitute of
Or blast septentrional with brus
Sweep up the smoky mists and v
Then woe to mortals! Titan th

His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in diff'rent shapes
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
His victims; youths and virgins in their flow'r
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heav'n destroy'd.
  Such heats prevail'd when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers the relentless hand
Of death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.
  But if it please the sun's intemp'rate force
To know attend, whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind
How our forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.
  In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious thus our other world subdu'd,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,

Aerial spires and citadels, the seat
Of kings and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium! uncontroll'd and free
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to foreign yoke submits,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic or Etruscan hands
Arose, had not the heav'nly pow'rs averse
Decreed her final doom; for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst, Aquarius had not shed
His wonted show'rs, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb; hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture; hence Tartarian dregs
Sulphur and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginery, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells, and their full st
Collecting from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's st
Forc'd by the sudden shock her wonted trac

Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the low'ring sky
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distrest? whence seek for aid, when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? Vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands, to Heav'n erect:
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling thro' the streets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms
Of endless Night. Mean-while the loosen'd winds
Infuriate molten rocks and flaming globes,

n.
ıs, ıill all their force
s, th' earth, satiate, clos'd,
which the name
ere found a mark
senger may learn
ns and mould'ring urns,
es, lasting remains
which, as he breaks
ploughman haply finds
treach'rous track of land
ow Ceres in her prime
ith ruddiest freight bedeck'd
our forefathers' blood
recalls the devious Muse,
d labours to pursue.
ll observe what passions reign
(for not to man alone
creation Nature gave
on.) Everlasting hate
bears, nor less abbors
rankness, but with am'rous twine
elm. The Pæstan rose unfolds
lovely near the fetid leek,
ut Britons) and enhances thence
her celestial scent. The gourd
cucumber, when they perceive
ching olive, ıith resentment fly
ibres, and with tendrils creep

Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the fig
Contemns not rue nor sage's humble leaf
Close neighbouring. Th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous peach,
Hazel and weight-resisting palm, and likes
T' approach the quince, and th' elder's pithy stem,
Uneasy seated by funereal yew
Or walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All gen'rous fruits) or near the bitter dews
Of cherries: therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Wouldst thou thy vats with gen'rous juice shoul
Respect thy Orchats: think not that the trees [froth
Spo ntaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A scion meetly sever, after force
A way into the crabstock's closewrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig: nor, over nice,
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere long their diff'ring veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil: now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit!
Whether the wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist

ch how
to mix
fspring bear?
equent changes
able arms
rian plants
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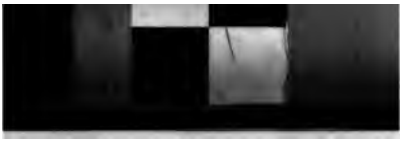
at diff'rent tim
anches grace,
m the hawthorn'
egal crowns.
fy each month
r'd fruits that pl
once. So Maro
ommodious prece
ins not wholly be



: is gainful. Sometimes she diverts
lid counsels, shews the force of love
ge beasts, how virgin face divine
the hapless youth thro' storms and waves,
i deep of night; then she describes
thian winter; nor disdains to sing
der ground the rude Riphæan race
risk Cider with the brake's product wild,
unded, hips, and servis' harshest juice.
ge Experience teach thee all the arts
ing and ineyeing, when to lop
ring branches, what trees answer best
ot or kernel: she will best the hours
st and seed-time declare: by her
'rent qualities of things were found
ret motions, how with heavy bulk
Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
on the wings of air. To her we owe
lian weed * unknown to ancient times,
i choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
i superfluous juices, and refines
od distemper'd from its noxious salts;
o the spirits, which with vapours bland
r mitigates; companion fit
antry and wine; nor to the bards
dly, when they to the vocal shell
melodious their well-labour'd songs.

* Tobacco.

She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal, and shews what laws of life
The cheese inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! But the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know, how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well dissected kernels: lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd, thou 'lt wondering say
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.
Thus all things by Experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way or rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning-star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor at shut of eve
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right, and oft' this care
Disturbs me slumb'ring. Wilt thou then repine

To labour for thyself, and rather chuse
To lie supinely, hoping Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns to shew compassion to thy plants
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever, for the genial moisture due
To Apples otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop
Nought but vain shoots and empty leaves abound.
When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings if they grow
Redundant, but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion, else the starv'ling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.
It much conduces all the cares to know
Of gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit,
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.

This done, the tim'rous flock with swiftest wing
Scud thro' the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons and his rav'nous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.
Besides, the filthy swine will oft' invade
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine; forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff; bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow housebearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies
With morning and with ev'ning hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbeck dra
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of wasps now also clust'ring hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; tho' oft' repuls'd, again
They rally undismay'd: but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms: let ev'ry boug
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of moyle or mum, or treacle's viscous juice;

They, by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane. Joyful thou 'lt see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft' to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls. Such doom
Waits luxury and lawless love of gain!
  Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winter to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate; then the grub,
Oft' unobserv'd, invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant! and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the Apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till with a writhen mouth and spatt'ring noise
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelisht; not with less surprise than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface, whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war

of victorious thoughts,
'd, they aloft expire.
ye to view Alcinous' groves,
æacian isle, from whence,
f the boundless deep,
tious fruits arriv'd;
sht o'er with gold; the moyle,
'd taste; the fair pearmain,
meliest nymph with red and white.
ourish with a growth
the Ottley. Be thou first
ransplant: if to the name
rs, no where shalt thou find
riz'd or laudable of taste.
leot least deserve thy care;
; whose wither'd rind, entrencht
furrow, aptly represents
; nor that from Harvey nam'd,
ing. Why should we sing the thrift,
pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
or the cat's-head's weighty orb,
in its growth, for various use
are meet, tho' after full repast
equir'd, and crown the rich dessert?
tho' the pear-tree rival not the worth
nian products? yet her freight
ntemn'd, yet her wide branching arms

Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life. The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset and controls their rage;
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase
Annual in sumptuous banquets claims applause;
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice, when summer heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy
Quaffing rich liquids; oh how sweet t' enjoy
At once her fruits and hospitable shade!
But how with equal numbers shall we match
The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring that defies
The vernal nippings and cold syd'ral blasts?
Yet let her to the redstreak yield that once
Was of the sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget;
Hence styl'd the Scudamorian Plant, whose wine
Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes

In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy and health entire.
Let ev'ry tree in ev'ry garden own
The redstreak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit,
With gold irradiate and vermilion, shines
Tempting; not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste and die
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; ev'n I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy whilst cheer'd with her nectareous juice;
Her's and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail, Herefordian Plant! that dost disdain
All other fields: Heav'n's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song
And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
Laughter and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why in ques
Of foreign vintage, insincere and mixt,
Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the ra
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruit
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's tow'ring height?

Nor let the Rhodian nor the Lesbian vin
Vaunt their rich must, nor let tok·y cont
For sov'reignty: Phanæus' self must bo
To th' Ariconian vales. And shall we d
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largest usury repay, alone
Empower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with batt'ning ooze
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits hi
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallo
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with sto
Of golden wheat, the strength of human
Lo! on auxiliary poles the hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array:
Lo! how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirst
Transporting prospect. These, as mode
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink comp
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here t
Apples of price and plenteous sheaves of
Oft' interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil
So much does fructuous moisture o'erak
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heav'n aspire, affording prospect swe
To human ken; nor at their feet the va

Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd'rous pasture; nor the yellow fi
Gayly interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing; as when an em'rald green, ench
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquir
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the sylvan shades and silent grov
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is
With copious fuel, whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous
To distant nations, or with sovran sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron, when our mines produ
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Bætic or finest Tarentine compare
With Le'm'ster's silken wool? Where sha
Men more undaunted, for their country's w
More prodigal of life? In ancient days
The Roman legions and great Cæsar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Cressy plains
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, cor
What the Silures' vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd k

nt author of great Chandos' stem,
Chandos! that transmits paternal worth,
ace, and ancient prowess and renown,
noble offspring. O thrice happy Peer!
blest with hoary vigour view'st thyself
blooming in thy gen'rous son, whose lips,
ng with nervous eloquence exact,
1 the wise Senate, and attention win
pest councils. Ariconium pleas'd
s her chosen worthy first salutes;
m th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
ardy Britons ble s; his faithful hand
ys new courage from afar, nor more
en'ral's conduct than his care avails.
e, also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
ountry claims; with pride and joy to thee
.lterennis calls; yet she endures
t thy absence, since thy prudent choice
c'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat, *
: Aldrich † reigns, and from his endless store
versal knowledge still supplies
ble care: he gen'rous thoughts instils
e nobility, their country's love,
'end of life) and forms their ductile minds
man virtues: by his Genius led,
soon in ev'ry art pre-eminent
grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

ord. † Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church.

! and thou great nurse of arts
e conspicuous patriots spring,
! thou, to whom with due
ows, and joyful owns
; be for ever blest
s, and to future times
race of men produce
Virtue firm may fix
ate. Hear, ye Gods! this vow
anest in her num'rous train;
ot least studious of her praise.
hy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
a long descent deriv'd
estry, of kingly rights
rs: in him centring meet
virtues, high desert from pride
haken honour, and contempt
rements. O illustrious Prince!
cient faith! exulting, thee
st this happy land enrols.
refuse a tributary verse
uth, firmest friend of slighted worth
s? whose hospitable gate,
o all, invites a num'rous train
iests, whose board, with plenty crown'd,
ie feastrites old; mean-while his care
ot the afflicted, but, content
secret goodness, shuns the praise

Book I.
That sur
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That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord!
To blazon what, tho' hid, will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.
But who is he that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd, in Anna's secret councils sits
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? How large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old or present time! yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill. What praise deserves
His lib'ral hand that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly rev'rence that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious tongu
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known
Or skill in peace and war. Of softer mould,
The female sex with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft'
That view their matchless forms with transient g
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unkno
Smit with the magic of their eyes. Nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence

Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch so base of mind
That woman's pow'rful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heav'n? he ill deserves
Or love or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race; but may the man
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heav'nly eye
Sits purest Love enthron'd; but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I at least the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity, nor ever want
A friend with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish by kind intercouse
Of speech and offices! may in my mind
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!---O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid, most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice

reathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason, what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence,
Freely vouchsaf'd when to the gates of Death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd, and these empty thoughts
Of Apples perish'd; but uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous: but nor night nor day suffice
For that great task; the highly honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false-dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbour oft'
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws,
For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws: some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and pow'r, and others' realms invade
With specious shews of love: this trait'rous wretch
Betrays his sov'reign. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd Honourable. The honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want

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And ho
Best Pe
Of Phœbus,
Poor eyeless
If after these
Thus tender
Content, d
In foreign
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Of temperance; and aug...
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and h
Studious of virtue, he no life observes
Except his own: his own employs his cares,
Large subject; that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.
Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice
And baits of pompous Rome secure, at cou
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds and how l
Best Poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
...Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
... if after these.

apture, like his Abdiel been,
y faithless strictly faithful found,
e should not have wail'd his orbs,
l in vain to find the piercing ray,
l no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd.
However let the Muse abstain,
his fame from whom she learnt to sing
inferior strains, grov'lling beneath
mpian hill, on plains and vales intent,
ollower! There let her rest a while,
l with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

O Harcourt! whom th' ingenious love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome, or what
Unrivall'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flow'rs
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear Youth! return
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace;
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence. See how the cause
Of widows and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhet'ric and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and like him deserve
Thy prince's favour and thy country's love.
Mean-while, altho' the Massick grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills

er thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
w grinds choice Apples, and the British vats
rflow with gen'rous Cider. Far remote
ccept this labour, nor despise the Muse
hat, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.
Thus far of Trees; the pleasing task remains
To sing of Wines and Autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst Heav'n? Oft', notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigu'd
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed: if the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.
A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert or check: uncertain all his toil
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,

Berries, and skydy'd plums, an
Rough, or soft rind, or bearded
Fat olives, and pistachio's fragr
And the pine's tasteful apple: a
Ausonian hills with grapes, whi
Blush with pomaceous harvests
O let me now, when the kind es
Unlocks th' embosom'd odours,
The well-rang'd files of trees, w
Diffuse ambrosial steams than m
More grateful, or perfuming flow
Soft whisp'ring airs and the lark
Then woo to musing, and becalr
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts
Best portion of the various year,
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on he
Lovely, to full perfection wroug
Short are our joys, and neighb'r
Our pleasant hours! inclement
Contiguous; forthwith frosty bl
The blithesome year; trees of th
Are widow'd, dreary'd storms o'
Now, now is the time, ere hasty
To work, disburden thou thy sa
Of its rich progeny: the turgid fi
Abounds with mellow liquor; n
Thy hinds to exercise the pointe
On the hard rock, and give a wh

To the expected grinder; now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexile sallow entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press
Long ere the vintage, but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain shouldst seek a strainer to dispart
The husky terrene dregs from purer must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find
Whose prime is past; the vig'rous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements and victorious palms:
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The pond'rous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,

Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou n
Reject the Applecheese, tho' quite exhaust;
Ev'n now it will cherish and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd,
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!
The tender Apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie
The prey of worms. A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd
By endless culture, with sufficient must
His casks replenish'd yearly: he no more
Desir'd nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cider grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature: yet did he not repine
Nor curse his stars, but prudent his fallen heaps
Collecting; cherish'd with the tepid sweaths
Of tedded grass and the sun's mellowing beams,
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,

No heterogeneous mixtures use, as som
With wat'ry turnips have debas'd their
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours
In heated brass, steaming with fire inte
Altho' Devonia much commends the us
Of strength'ning Vulcan: with their na
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse,
And, when th' allotted orb of time's com
Are more commended than the labour'd

Nor let thy av'rice tempt thee to with
The priest's appointed share; with chee
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and o
Heav'n's bounteous goodness; that will
Thy grateful duty. This neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, such as overtook
A miser that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successless care,
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for ra
Descended or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or when ar
The clouds dropp'd fatness in the middle
The dew suspended staid, and left unmo
His execrable glebe. Recording this,
Be just and wise, and tremble to transgr

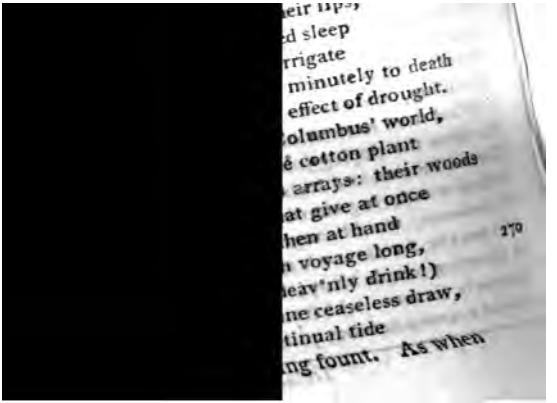
Learn now the promise of the coming y
To know, that, by no flatt'ring signs abu
Thou wisely may'st provide. The vari

Prophetic and attendant stars explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heav'nly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia gle
With light unsully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and
Offensive to the birds: sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless, while they
Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring heavy lead
O'ertakes their speed: they leave their little liv
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
The woodcock's early visit and abode
Of long continuance in our temp'rate clime
Foretell a lib'ral harvest. He, of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters: when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his v
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits mo
Than frequent snows: O may'st thou often se
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe
Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows im
A mod'rate wind: the Orchat loves to wave
With winter wind before the gems exert

Their feeble heads: the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their pow'rful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slake
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the corinths, now the rasps, supply
Delicious draughts; the quinces now, or plums
Or cherries, or the fair Thisbein fruit,
Are press'd to wines: the Britons squeeze the works
Of sed'lous bees, and, mixing odorous herbs,
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal and short-breath'd ancient sires.
But if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wouldst brew,
Besides the Orchat ev'ry hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted flow'rs
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip posies saintly sweet,

From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that in mid fervours best
Slake craving thirst and mitigate the day.
Happy Ierne! * whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad and viper from her shore,
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress and lively health convey.
See how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fatt'ning mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent rising fumes! by use
Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora and Icelandic coasts,
Where everduring snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic track spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines? and oft'

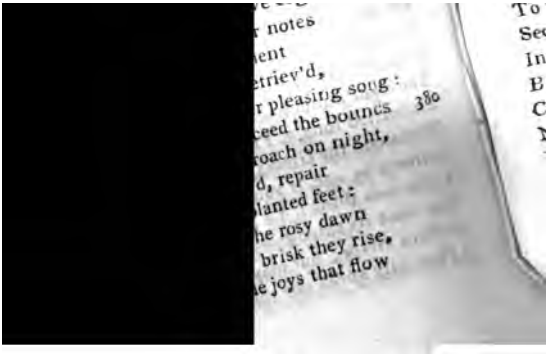
* Ireland.



Against a secret cliff with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor stay nor rest till the wide breach is clos'd;
So they (but cheerful) unfatigu'd still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate shouldst thou think thy pipes will
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store
And the harsh draught must twice endure the st
Kind strength'ning heat, twice winter's purging
There are that a compounded fluid drain
From diff'rent mixtures, woodcock, pippin, mo
Rough eleot, sweet pearmain: the blended stre
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry arch
With listed colours gay, or, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye
That views the wat'ry braid with thousand shew
Of painture vary'd, yet is unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises or one faints.
Some Ciders have by art or age unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour: one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product: this to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling nectar of Champaign; with that

German oft' has swill'd his throat, and SWORN
luded that imperial Rhine bestow'd
he gen'rous rummer; whilst the owner, pleas'd,
aughs inly at his guests thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cider cask.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick unwholesome undigested cades;
The hoary frosts and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser ropy lees.
And now thy wine is transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross; yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; self-taught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Ascending, then, by downward track convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels lovely clear;
As when a noontide sun with summer beams
Darts thro' a cloud, her wat'ry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber or undrossy gold,
So and so richly the purg'd liquid shines.
Now also when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close

In glass thy purer streams, and let them gai
From due confinement sp'rit and flavour ne
For this intent the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand and ashes and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red;
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd t
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For ev'ry liquid with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient: by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve; the moyle
And tasteful pippin in a moon's short year
Acquire complete perfection: now they smc
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, deligh
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids diff'rent lengths of time
Expect: thy flask will slowly mitigate
The eleot's roughness: stirom, firmest fruit
Embottled long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks, endures ere justly mi
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink! Ye honest Men! beware
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,
(That slily speak one thing, another think,


r notes
ient
etriev'd,
r pleasing song:
ceed the bounds 380
roach on night,
d, repair
lanted feet:
he rosy dawn
brisk they rise,
e joys that flow

'rom amicable talk and mod'rate cups
weetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
'resent redress, and long oblivion drinks
)f coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine,
Iis joys are short and few; yet when he drinks
Iis dread retires; the flowing glasses add
'ourage and mirth; magnificent in thought,
maginary riches he enjoys,
ınd in the jail expatiates unconfin'd.
'or can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
)ebarr'd his grape. The Muses still require
Iumid regalement, nor will aught avail
mploring Phœbus with unmoisten'd lips.
'hus to the gen'rous bottle all incline,
y parching thirst allur'd. With vehement sur
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clod
Iow pleasant is it, beneath the twisted arch
f a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign,
'o ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
ecur'd of fev'rish heats! When th' aged year
nclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters frore,
eware th' inclement heav'ns; now let thy hea
rackle with juiceless boughs; thy ling'ring bl
'ow instigate with th' Apple's pow'rful stream
erpetual show'rs and stormy gusts confine
'he willing ploughman, and December warms
'o annual jollities; now sportive youth
arol incondite rhythms with suiting notes,

drous bag
of gentler sort
s' son enclos'd)
the tuneful squeeze
n, out they fly
ntly accents charm,
they not to drench
goblets; nor when spring
to usher in
loud acclaim and store
when the sappy boughs
blooms, sweet rudiments
en the Gnossian Crown
mn, and the trees
burdens, let them thank
as annually supplies.
Comm
With dire
In rude enc
The sharp-e
Mixt gore a
Of rash Ely
Dry'd an i
T' exhale
Imprude
Descend
Luxt hi
Nor n
The

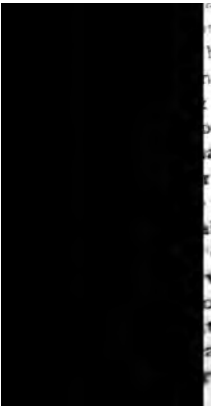
Dilates [illegible]
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sur
'Tis time to shun it: if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at o:
Conspire in senseless jargon; naught is hear
But din, and various clamour, and mad ran
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glasses now are
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clas
In rude encounter; round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments; down their bat
Mixt gore and Cider flow. What shall w
[illegible] who in evil hour

Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemp'rance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the sun with July-heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy, all afloat,
Yet craving liquids, nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated, how with lust and wine
Inflam'd they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs that guard
The British Isles! such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups. May we, remote
From the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love!
Too oft' alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft' has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others' rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when, by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of M
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
'orget how the mad headstrong youth

Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, Atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence: alike their crime; th' event
Was not alike: these triumph'd, and in height
Of barb'rous malice and insulting pride
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O best of Kings!
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shouldst fall
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
Yet was the Cider land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted to assert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy; but ah! successless she,
However faithful: then was no regard
Of right or wrong; and this once happy land,
By homebred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty reste r'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's c..re
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms

:y fear or strength,
is neighbour's bounds
rritory seeks
on ev'ry plain
dire was the din of war
truce, haply procur'd
till jealousy
. Thus was peace in vain
leeds and conflict stern,
s to those who pine
n the orient beam
e, and into one
contending pow'rs;
her lovely head
nd all around diffus'd

Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter found his vig'rous arm;
But th' unbelieving squadrons, turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft' call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.
  Behold Third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,



Must close the gates of Janus, and re....
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives or chills the virgin's blood,
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance. From thee James descends,
Heav'n's chosen fav'rite, first Britannic king:
To him alone hereditary right
Gave pow'r supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursu'd
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction: neither fear nor hope,

[illegible] with rev[illegible]
[illegible] strength, [illegible]
[illegible] wrongly unite,
[illegible] laws, and govern [illegible],
[illegible] firm, from Dubris south
To northern Orcades her long domain.
And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the pow'rs combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd
The British navy, through the ocean vast,
Shall wave her double Cross t' extremest clim
[illegible] with od'rous spoils
[illegible] wealth,

In other realms. Where'er the Britis
Triumphant banners, or their fame ha
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of thi
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne,
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'e

Munera, lætitiamque testæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
Nec charus æqué. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

VIII.

Tentat, ut tèque et tua munera
Catus recordor, mercurialium
Inceps virorum! et ipse Musæ
Ctor, et usque colende Musis!

IX.

Me minantem grandia deficit
Eptus ægré spiritus, ilia
Pulsat ima, ac inquietum
Sis agens sine more pectus.

X.

Petito quassat anhelitu;
Ita planè, ni mihi balsamum

Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet!*
Tu sorte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

* There seems to be an error in all the printed copies. The Author probably wrote

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
Cinxit; labellis cui Venus insidet!

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706.*

I.

O THOU, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb† prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life and ev'ry anxious care,
While from the fragrant lighted bole
I suck new life into my soul;

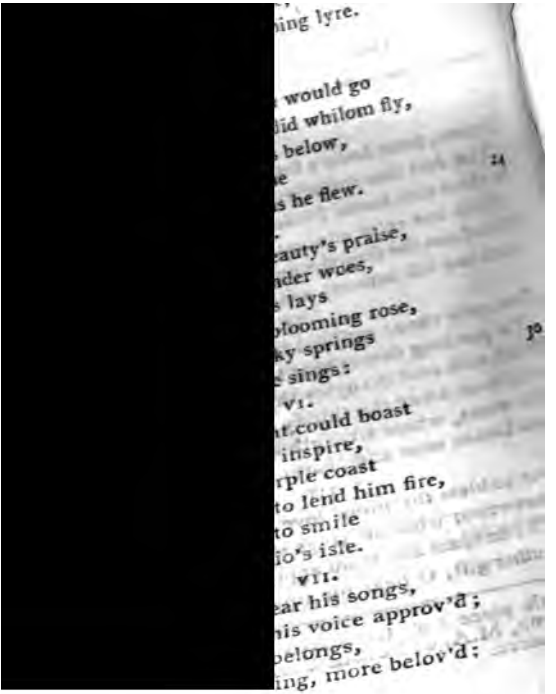
II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain,
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian suns and nearer skies.

III.

O! say to bless thy pious love
What vows, what off'rings shall I bring?
Since I can spare and thou approve
No other gift, O hear me sing!

* This piece was translated by the Rev. Thos Newcomb, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.
† Tobacco.



Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring,
And last in Phœbus' humble train
The first and brightest genius sing;
The Muses' fav'rite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love to speak thy praise,
Boasting no more thy sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint Nature now demands that breath
That feebly strives thy worth to sing,
And would be hush'd and lost in death.
Did not thy care kind succours bring.
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in ev'ry vein.

XI.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;

No chance the tender joy remove
While she can please and thou canst love. 66

XII.

Thus while by you the British arms
  Triumphs and distant fame pursue,
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
  And gives you leave to conquer too:
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph, become your prize. 72

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
  Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!
Not Love himself so oft' beguiles,
  Nor Venus' self so much excells.
What diff'rent fates our passions share
While you enjoy and I despair! 78

XIV.

Maria's * form as I survey,
  Her smiles a thousand wounds impart,
Each feature steals my soul away,
  Each glance deprives me of my heart,
And chasing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there. 84

* Miss Meers, daughter of the Principal of Brazen Nose College, Oxon.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
And, sighing, hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
By night I wake, by day I burn;
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
Or sooth my pains or close my eye.

CEREALIA. *

IN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1766.

Antagon. De vulgatae ministeriis
[illegible] cui liber spiritus."

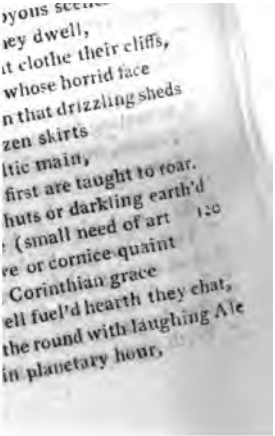
PETRONIUS.

[illegible]

gilish tipple and the potent grain
[illegible] the conclave of celestial pow'rs
[illegible] leisure, sing, Nymph of heav'nly stem!
[illegible] the hearty top of Penmaenmaur
[illegible] he seer-like visit, whilst he sat
[illegible] prophetic, to foresee
[illegible] assume from the Fates' divan.
[illegible] mus'd by nappy Ale,
[illegible] the planetary orbs
[illegible] sojourn o'er head in's high cope,
their posture
for ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
impearl'd his large mu-taches, deep eusconc'd
Beneath his overshadowing orb of hair

* This poem is taken from [illegible] copy [illegible] 6, communicated from the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

And ample fence of elephantine nose,
Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleet
Or hail sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
(Vain efforts on his sev'nfold mantle, made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!
Such energy of soul to raise the song
Deign, Goddess! now to me; nor then withdr
Thy sure presiding pow'r, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.
Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flo
Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanse of heav'n with active pl
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The stanch gerfalcon thro' the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings to truss
The quarry, hern or mallard, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina, bubbl
Runs fast, a Nais, thro' the flow'ry meads
To spread round Uriconium's tow'rs her s
Her golden trump the goddess sounded th
Whose shrilling clang reach'd heav'n
Rous'd at the blast, the gods withwinged s
To learn the tidings came: on radiant t
With fair memorials and impresses qua
Emblazon'd o'er, they sat, devis'd of ol
By Mulciber; nor small his skill I w



" When March weigh'd night and day in equal sc
" Or in October tann'd, and mellow grown
" With sev'n revolving suns, the racy juice,
" Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense
" Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
" Of Arthur's imitative, large sirloin
" Of ox or virgin heifer, wont to browse
" The meads of Longovicum (fatt'ning soil,
" Replete with clover grass and foodful shrub:)
" Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
" Meet paragon (as far as great with small
" May correspond) from some Panchæan hill,
" Imbrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm
" And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
" Skreens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
" The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan, that waits
" Insidious some rich caravan which fares
" To Mecca, with barbaric gold full fraught.
" Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
" Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
" Blest by my boon; which, when they slightly pr
" Should they with high defence of triple brass
" Wide circling live immur'd, (as erst was try'd
" By Bacon's charms, on which the sick'ning moo
" Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent ho
" Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
" Thrice the prevailing pow'r of Gallia's arms
" Should there resistless ravage, as of old

" Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
" Was wont, when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
" The subject Rhine. What tho' Britannia boasts
" Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
" 'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim,
" And with full volley makes her naval tubes
" Thunder disastrous doom t' opponent pow'rs.
" Nor potent only to enkindle Mars
" And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls;
" It science can encourage, and excite
" The mind to ditties blithe and charming song.
" Thou Pallas! to my speech just witness bear:
" How oft' hast thou thy votaries beheld
" At crambo merry met, and hymning skill
" With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
" In mazy dance, or cestrian gambols shew,
" Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
" Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl,
" (Equal to Nestor's pond'rous cup, which ask'd
" A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
" Ere he th' embattled Pylians led, to quell
" The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire)?
" Or if with front unblest came tow'ring in
" Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
" Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
" His scimitar with huge two-handed sway,
" Alarm'd with threat'ning accent, harsher far
" Than that ill-omen'd sound, the bird of night,

" With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
" Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful d
" Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van
" That crowds his gonfalon of sev'n foot size,
" And with their ruby'd faces stand the foe;
" Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
" And run with ears erect; as the tall stag,
" Unharbour'd by the woodman, quits his lair,
" And flies the yearning pack which close pursu
" So they not bowsy dread th' approaching foe;
" They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
" Night-founder'd in town-ditches, stagnant gu
" Soph rowls on soph promiscuous—Caps aloo
" Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
" The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
" By Thracia's coadjutant and the roar
" Of loud Eurocydon's tumultuous gusts."

She said: the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal giv'n
By Ganymede, the skinker soon was heard;
With Ale he heav'n's capacious goblet crown'd
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sung alternate, all caroused;
But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled pow'r

Shall suffer blemish in the wrong
Another hum'rous sports and jeer
Earthly and coarse, of substance
How oft' are men by devious erro
To wander various, wide alike fr
A sickly pale languish'd on the in
Such as betrays the want of love-
Foe to the rosy cheek and coral li
But flies the lusty touch of warm
And beauty reasumes its native s
Smooth were its sides, but from
A manly head emboss'd; for hero
No question fam'd for arms and
Such honours the well-meaning
To fame of gallant men, and was
On high-hung signs and earth of
What blushes did the virile imag
The harmless maid! fearful, lest
The am'rous stone should soften
As erst Pygmalion's marble mis
Her Parian substance, by less m
Without the cerolous dye best
And on the swelling surface, Flo
The lilly and the gaudy tulip sn
Fed with the briny nectar it con
One handle held the vessel, arch'
But for its weighty office far unf
Here weakness lurk'd in comely

Some bid defiance to th' inclement air,
Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.
Amidst a jovial crew, fair Chloe quaff'd
With loud carouse till sated nature crav'd
Timely relax, distent with liquid pain.
Alone she lifts the Jordan to her aid,
And straight a hideous din 'gan roar aloud;
Wave dash'd on wave, deluge on deluge rowl'd,
And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
Whole cataracts, at once discharg'd, fell down
With violent gush, and drove the deep cascade,
Till weary of its load, the lab'ring urn
Flew from its hold: a horrid burst ensues,
And mangled limbs bestrew the bruised floor:
Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heav'n
When form'd by Vulcan or when thrown by Jove
Forth from the hideous shreds a tepid sea
Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the plain:
Part of the stream with slow and silent pace
Sunk unobserv'd, in narrow crannies lost,
Part murmurs crowding at the portal wide,
Which opes the mazy way that winding leads
To th' ancient race of earth: protected mice,
The race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
Their mansions quit, and other countries seek.

Thus fell the Jordan that had long withstood,
Firm and resolv'd, the shock of mighty waves,
Which lost their strength and dash'd her shores in v

Till at th' approach of one impetuous tide
Fate took th' occasion, and confirm'd its doom.
So the fam'd Eddistone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wand'ring ships and lost at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its sides,
And mock'd their sports, till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, th' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vast abyss.

BACCHANALIAN SON

I.

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high;
A bumper, a bumper, I 'll have:
He 's a fool that will flinch; I 'll not bate
Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

II.

Here 's a health to all those jolly souls
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls, but will take off
And merrily stickle for more.

III.

Drown Reason, and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose I 'd be led by the r
And let my glass idly stand?

IV.

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools who 'd set us new rul
And bring us to politic thinking.

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* This Song is printed in the fourth
Nichols's Collection, p. 281; and is supp
been wrote by Mr. Philips in a subjoined

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SMITH.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

CONTAINING HIS

POEM TO MEM OF J. PHILIPS,
ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705,
AND OTHER ODES,

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO
PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO
POCOCKIUS.

&c. &c. &c.

Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber and attempt to sing. TO MEM. OF J. PHILIP

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1799.

THE LIFE OF

EDMUND SMITH.

This distinguished poet was son of an en merchant, one Mr. Neal, by a daughter of Lechemere. The year of his birth is unknow he was born at Handley in Worcestershire, th of the Lechemeres. Some misfortunes of his f which were soon followed by his death, occa our Author's being left very young in the car near relation, (one who married Mr. Neal's m whose name was Smith.

This gentleman treated him with as much t ness as if he had been his own child, and place at Westminster-school, under the care of Dr. I After the death of his generous guardian (whose in gratitude he thought proper to assume) h removed to Christ-Church in Oxford, and was by his aunt handsomely supported till her death which he continued a member of that learned s till within five years of his own. Some time his leaving Christ-Church he was sent for b mother to Worcester, and acknowledged by h legitimate son. We choose to mention this ci stance, in order to wipe off the aspersion which and ignorance cast upon his birth.

In honour to Mr. Smith it should be remembered, that when he stood a candidate for one of the Universities at the Westminster election, he so peculiarly distinguished himself by his conspicuous performances, that there arose no small contention between the representative electors of Trinity-College in Cambridge and Christ-Church College in Oxon, which of those two illustrious societies should adopt him as their own: but the electors of Trinity-College having the preference of choice that year, they resolutely elected him; but being invited at the same time to Christ-Church, Mr. Smith chose to accept of a studentship there.

He passed through the exercises of the college and the university with unusual applause; and though he often suffered his friends to call him off from his retirement, yet his return to his studies was so much the more passionate, and his love of reading and thinking being so vehement, the habit grew upon him, and the series of meditation and reflection being kept up whole weeks together, he could better arrange his ideas, and take in sundry parts of a science at one view, without interruption or confusion. Some of his acquaintance, who were pleased to distinguish between the wit and the scholar, extolled him altogether on account of the first of these excellencies; but others, who were more candid, admired him as a prodigy in both. He had acquired reputation in the schools both as a philosophe

and polemic of extensive knowledge and deep penetration, and went through all the courses with a proper regard to the dignity and importance of each science. *

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin Classics, with whom he had industriously compared whatever was worth perusing in the French, Spanish, and Italian, and all the celebrated writers in his own country. He considered the Ancients and Moderns not as parties or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the same plan, the art of poetry. If he did not always commend the compositions of others, it proceeded not from ill-nature, (for that was foreign to his temper) but a strict regard to justice would not suffer him to call a few flowers elegantly adorned, without much art and less genius, by so distinguished a name as poetry. He was of Ben Jonson's opinion, who could not admire

---- *Verses as smooth and soft as cream*
In which there was neither depth nor stream.

---

* We must observe in this note, notwithstanding what is said in the text, that the indecency of Smith's behaviour, while only a Bachelor, drew upon him, Dec. 1693, a public admonition, preparatory to his expulsion; that he took his Master's degrees July 8th, 1696; that on the 24th of April, 1700, the Dean and Chapter declared his place void; and that with all his fooleries he was endured till the 20th of Dec. 1705, when the sentence was put in execution.

Mr. Smith's Bodleian Oration has shown the world how great a master he was of Ciceronian eloquence.

"Since Temple and Roscommon (says Mr. Oldis-"worth) no man understood Horace better, especially "as to his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful "imagery, and alternate mixture of the soft and sub-"lime. His friend Mr. Philips's Ode to Mr. St. "John, after the manner of Horace's Lusory or Ama-"torian Odes, is certainly a masterpiece; but Mr. "Smith's Pocockius is of the sublimer kind, though, "like Waller's writings upon Cromwell, it wants not "the most delicate and surprising turns peculiar to "the person praised."

He was an excellent judge of humanity, and so good an historian, that in familiar conversation he would talk over the most memorable facts in antiquity, the lives, actions, and characters, of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had carefully read and distinguished Thuanus's works, so he was able to copy after him; and his talent in this kind was so generally confessed that he was made choice of by some great men to write a history, which it was their interest to have executed with the utmost art and dexterity; but this design was dropped, as Mr. Smith would not sacrifice truth to the caprice and interested views of a party. *

* There was once a design to have made Smith

Our Author's poem condoling the Death of Mr. Philips is full of the noblest beauties, and pays a just tribute to the venerable ashes of that great man. Mr. Smith had contracted for Mr. Philips the most perfect friendship, a passion of which he was very susceptible, and whose laws he considered as sacred and inviolable.

In the year 1707 Mr. Smith's tragedy called Phædra and Hippolitus was acted at the theatre royal. This play was introduced upon the stage at a time when the Italian opera so much engrossed the attention of the polite world, that sense was sacrificed to sound. It was dressed and decorated at an extraordinary expence, and inimitably performed in all its parts by Betterton, Booth, Barry, and Oldfield, yet it brought but few and slender audiences. To say truth, it was a fine poem, but not an extraordinary play. Notwithstanding the intrinsic merit of this piece, and the countenance it met with from the most ingenious men of the age, yet it languished on the stage, and was soon ne-

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useful. One evening, as he was sitting with a friend at a tavern, he was called down by the waiter. Having staid some time below, he came up thoughtful, and after a pause said to his friend, "He that wanted me below "was Addison, whose business was to tell me that "a History of the Revolution was intended, and to "propose that I should undertake it. I said, What "shall I do with the character of Lord Sunderland? "and Addison immediately returned, When, Ragg, "were you drunk last? and immediately went away."

glected. Mr. Addison wrote the prologue, in which he rallies the vitiated taste of the public in preferring the unideal entertainment of an opera to the genuine sense of a British poet. *

Mr. Smith had indeed some defects in his conduct, which those are more apt to remember who could imitate him in nothing else. † Amongst the blemishes of an innocent kind which attended Mr. Smith, was his extreme carelessness in the particular of dress: this oddity procured him the name of Captain Ragg. His person was so well formed, and he possessed so much natural gracefulness, that not notwithstanding the disadvantage of his appearance he was called by the ladies The Handsome Sloven.

It is to be wondered at (says Mr. Oldisworth) that a man under poverty, calamities, and disappointments, could make so many friends, and those so truly valuable. He had indeed a noble idea of the passion of friendship, in the success of which consisted the

* Lintot, who bought this play, advanced the price from fifty guineas, the current price, to sixty, and Lord Halifax accepted the dedication, which Smith's indolence kept him from finishing till Lintot threatened to publish without it; it was therefore written, and Halifax, looking for the Author and his book, had prepared to reward him with a place of 300 l. a-year; the infatuated Author neglected to attend his patron, and thus missed reward by his indolence in neglecting to solicit it.

† See note, p. vii.

greatest if not the only happiness of his life. He was serene and cheerful under the dispensations of Providence; he avoided having any dealings with mankind in which he could not be just, and therefore refused to embrace some opportunities of amending his fortune. *

Upon Mr. Smith's coming to town no man was more surrounded by all those who really had or pretended to wit, or more courted by the great men who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and sciences. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and exceeded the strongest prepossessions which had been conceived in his favour. A few years before his death Mr. Smith engaged in some considerable undertakings, in all which he raised expectations in the world which he lived not to gratify. Mr. Oldisworth observes that he had seen about ten sheets of Pindar translated into English, which he says exceeded any thing of that kind he could ever hope for in our language. He had drawn out a plan for a tragedy of Lady Jane Gray, and had written several scenes of it, a subject afterwards nobly executed by Mr. Rowe. His greatest undertaking was Longinus, which he executed in a very masterly manner. He proposed a large addition to this work, of Notes and Observations of his own, with an entire system of the art of poetry in three books, under the title of Thoughts,

* See Note, p. viii.

Action, and Figure. In this work he proposed to reform the art of rhetoric, by reducing that confused heap of terms with which a long succession of pedants had incumbered the world to a very narrow compass, comprehending all that was useful and ornamental in poetry under each head and chapter. He intended to make remarks upon all the Ancients and Moderns, the Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish, and Italian poets, and to animadvert upon their several beauties and defects.

Mr. Smith died in July 1710, in the forty-second year of his age, at the seat of George Ducket, Esq.* called Gartham in Wiltshire, and was buried in the parish church there.† We shall give the character of

* This Mr. Ducket communicated to Mr. Oldmixon the historian, an account, pretended to have been received from Smith, that Clarendon's History was in its publication corrupted by Aldrich, Smalridge, and Atterbury, and that Smith was employed to forge and insert the alterations. Oldmixon published this story, which was denied by Atterbury, and was afterwards fully refuted by Dr. Burton of Eton, the testimonies which he has collected having convinced mankind that either Smith or Ducket was guilty of falsehood. Mr. Gilbert Walmsley, late Rector of the Ecclesiastical Court of Litchfield, who was acquainted both with Smith and Ducket, declared that if the tale concerning Clarendon were forged he should suspect Ducket; "for Ragg was a man of great veracity."

† It is said that at Mr. Ducket's house Smith indulged too freely in eating and drinking, and that re-

this celebrated poet in the words of Mr. Oldiswo
"He had a quickness of apprehension and vivacity
"understanding which easily took in and surmour
"the most knotty parts of mathematics and m
"physics: his wit was prompt and flowing, yet s
"and piercing; his taste delicate, his head clear,
"his manner of expressing his thoughts perspicu
"and engaging: an eager but generous emula
"grew up in him, which pushed him upon strivin
"excel in every art and science that could make l
"a credit to his college; and it was his happines
"have several contemporaries and fellow stud
"who exercised and excited this virtue in themse
"and others: his judgment, naturally good, s
"ripened into an exquisite fineness and distingu
"ing sagacity, which, as it was active and busy,
"was vigorous and manly, keeping even pace wi
"rich and strong imagination always on the w
"and never tired with aspiring. There are man
"his first essays in oratory, in epigram, elegy,
"epic, still handed about the university in m
"script, which shew a masterly hand, though mai

---

solving to ease himself by physic, he wrote to an
thecary in the neighbourhood a prescription of a p
so forcible, that the apothecary declined furnishi
till he had given warning of its fatal tendency. S
treated the notice with contempt, and swallowed
own medicine, which brought him to the grave a
place and in the month above-mentioned.

" and injured by frequent transcribing. As his parts " were extraordinary, so he well knew how to improve " them, and not only to polish the diamond but enchase " it in the most solid and durable metal.

" Though he was an academic the greatest part of " his life, yet he contracted no sourness of temper, no " tincture of pedantry, no itch of disputation, or ob- " stinate contention for the old or new philosophy, no " assuming way of dictating to others, which are " faults which some are insensibly led into who are " constrained to dwell within the walls of a private " college." Thus far Mr. Oldisworth, who has drawn the character of his deceased friend with a laudable fondness. Mr. Smith, no doubt, possessed the highest genius for poetry, but it is certain he had mixed but too little in life. He was, upon the whole, a good natured man, a great poet, a finished scholar, and a discerning critic.

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR. *

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distand shores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend;
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd:
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physic fail'd:
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes, tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

* This poem has been printed with those of J. Phili
Mr. Smith's intimate friend; but, being of no gr
length, is here repeated, to complete Mr. Smith's poe

Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's herse!
But with the meaner tribe I 'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines!
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
And France to Philips as to Churchill bends.
Oh various Bard! you all our pow'rs control,
You now disturb and now divert the soul;
Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine;
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For, as I 'ave seen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend,
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
That with a look demure and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes or sneering praise replies;
So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style:
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.
What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!
There, there my cell immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.
So when Nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,

With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe,
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.
Forgive, dear Shade! the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause.
When Orpheus sings the ghosts no more complain,
But in his lulling music lose their pain.
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve
Etruria's envy and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chianti vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.
Rise, rise, Roscommon! see the Blenheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse,
See o'er the Alps his tow'ring pinions soar
Where never English poet reach'd before;
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend
By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;

In them he views her gods and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern as translate.
Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
To follow ours now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow, tho' to Spenser lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain:
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannic rhyme! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime.
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I 'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the axe or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled sense or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble but retards the strong,
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft' rise to fustian or descend to prose.
Your judgment, Philips! rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury or direct her way;
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore,
To wanton freely or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure and secure descends,
Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.
Rail on, ye Triflers! who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who, wisely bold,
Rejects new phrases and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns,
The ancient words the majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's drest:
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batson's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud—"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
"With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in fustian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain;

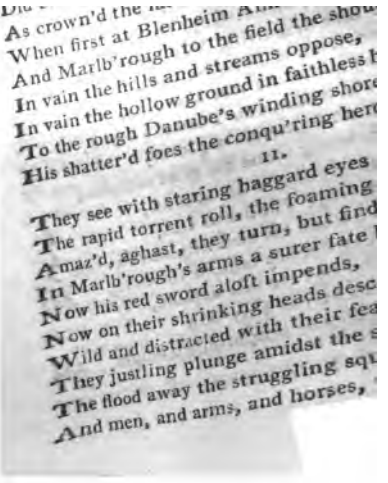
His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems and contrives the worst.
Beyond his praise or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakness hides.
You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble subjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Isis crowns,
Whom Blackmore censures and Godolphin owns.
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The list'ning nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung,
But cits and fops the heav'n-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame:
Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show,
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoice above and sinners howl below.
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.
Oh! best of friends! will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?

Must he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor sparkling thoughts in antic words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,
Thro' streams of smoke and adverse fire he rides,
While ev'ry shot is levell'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound, he dy'd near great Argyle?
  Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends!
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd;

Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely chusing, tho' by all desir'd;
Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himself severe;
In humour pliant as in life austere;
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken nor by wealth allur'd;
To all sincere; tho' earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles, his own.
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern and the one his theme.
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain,
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save.
Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreat,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?

Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain,
Its slow advances and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display?
Like the rich fruit he sings delicious in decay.
Once on thy friends look down, lamented Shade!
And view the honours to thy ashes paid:
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit and strength that only yield to thine.
Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips! thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns,
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms;
Thee on the Po kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores;
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.
But you his darling friends lament no more,
Display his fame and not his fate deplore,
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.



As crown'd the
When first at Blenheim
And Marlb'rough to the field the
In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless
To the rough Danube's winding
His shatter'd foes the conqu'ring

II.

They see with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find
In Marlb'rough's arms a surer fate
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking heads
Wild and distracted with their
They justling plunge amidst the
The flood away the struggling
And men, and arms, and horses,

e frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
ıe Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
flying the thunder of great Anna's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of smoke involve the day:
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force superior take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquish'd triumph while they fly.

IV.

Now Janus with a future view
The glories of her reign survey,
Which shall o'er France her arms display,
And kingdoms, now her own, subdue.
Lewis, for oppression born,
Lewis in his turn shall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy swains
Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
Others, enslav'd by victory,
Their subjects as their foes oppress;
Anna conquers but to free,
And governs but to bless.

ODE.

Oneness's glory, Marlb'rough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ,
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleasing sound:
Their courage warms,
Their conduct charms,
Yet the universal joy
Finds a sensible alloy!

Mighty George!* the senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer,
While the stroke of Fate we dread
Impending o'er thy sacred head,
The British youth for thee submit to fear,
Far her the dames in cloudy grief appear.

Let the noise of war and joy
Bread again the trembling sky,
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With prospects of more glorious years;
Doin'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
More cheerful arts refresh the British Isles.

* George Prince of Denmark, husband to the Queen.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tremble, France, we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms,
We feel the full, the pow'rful charms
Of Ormond's glory and of Marlb'rough's arms!

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING, IN FIVE PARTS,

For the Degree of Bachelor of Music. Perform'd at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday the 11th of July, 1707.

MUSIC! soft charm of Heav'n and earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate?
Ere the rude ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang,
The morning St rs their anthems sang,
And nought in heav'n was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The seraphim, with the bright host
Of angels, thrones, and heav'nly pow'rs,
Worship before th' eternal shrine,
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The massy orb in which we sluggards move,
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:
Here's Music too,
As ours a rival were to the world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
Ere since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a gen'ral concert held;
Each creature strives to bear a part,
And all but Death and Hell to conq'ring Music yield.

But stay, I hear, methinks, a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dang'rous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong
Who say the prophet's harp e'er spoil'd the poet's song.

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse! retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit,
And in that safe and sweet retreat

Amongst Apollo's sons enquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there;
But sure so near the Thespian spring,
The humblest bard may sit and sing;
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

Hora dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs nostris potiùsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto salutem?
Tu meis chartis, bone Percivalle,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune stetisse.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Cabullus
nne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,

An tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta supersunt?
Cui legis nostras, religisque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generositatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
Mane salutas.
Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput Stertit grave Lambethanum,
Quid Comes Guildford, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que,
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
Funere Rixon.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse Mitræ;
Narrat immersam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat---at portis meus Hinton astat,
Nuncius Pricket redit, avocat me
Sherwin, et scribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit
Isidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore strident
Missiles et jam moneant adesse
Cornua, chartas.
Tale per nostrum jecur et medullas
Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque;
Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera sospes.
Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, et tristis nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce Colum.
Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed et hôc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus, vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi fors Iverni
Hospita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simùl ambulanti
Plaudo Sherwino, pueroque Davo
Mitto salutem.
Jenny, post Hinton, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus.
Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit
Nec vetat Uxor.
Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
Lesbiæ vatis numeros secutus,
Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cucullos
" Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS.

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis.
Manésque Musam fastuosam
Sollicitant pretiosores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor serendæ, sanctaque Veritas
Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
Præcipitant Asiæ misertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia stridulis
Gemunt onusti, vel sude trans sinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulive
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt sibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacúnæ sulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quâ stetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Housta rubrâ, pluviisque flammis:

Quòd ista tellus si similes tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc stetisset, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, crescentibúsque
Vertice sideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici disparibus sonis
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
Linguàsque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris,
Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam superbis, et verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis,
Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
Cum busta Christi provolutus
Ambiguis lachrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa Pocockio,
Locósque monstrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.

idierunt gens venerabilem
Mosen, inde Pocockium
:e, non annis minorem,
suam didicere linguam. 56
it albens perpetuâ nive
favillas, et cineres sinu
t ardenti, et pruinis
ius rotat Ætna flammas;
:rementem, te nive candidum
ntus urget, mens agit ignea
reluctantem lëolem
iitru, aëreásque nubes 64
pavescis, dum tuba pallidum
onem, dum tremulum polo
t astrum, atque incubanti
nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ?
igmen! heu quæ turma sequacibus
nda flammis! quis strepitantium
rotarum est! O Pococki
e! O animose Vatis 72
es abstrusi! O simili ferè
te flammâ! te, quot imagine
notantur, te, subacto,
colæ gravis Ottomannus
is requirit, te Babylonii
it poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
revulsis, et fragosos
avior ferit horror agros. 80

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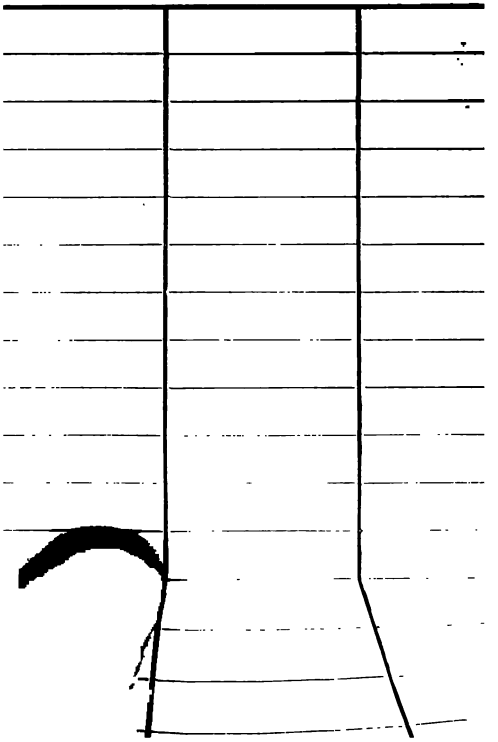
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